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62d YEAR

VOL. III. No. 1

# THE NEW PRINCETON REVIEW

PUBLISHED SIX TIMES A YEAR

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JANUARY, 1887

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- I. Victor Hugo . . . . . JOHN SAFFORD FISKE  
II. The Present Position of Philosophy in  
    Britain . . . . . HENRY CALDERWOOD  
III. Religion in the Public Schools ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER HODGE  
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    Received.

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New York

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62d Year.

JANUARY, 1887.

No. 1.

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VICTOR HUGO.

ARE we right in saying that the dust has already begun to settle upon the volumes of Victor Hugo on the library shelf, and that the first instalments of his literary legacy\* have scarcely broken the silence gathering about his name? The morrow of the death of a public favorite is apt to be severe upon his memory. Modern life moves on with such speed that the enthusiasms of yesterday are left far behind us to-day. But as yet no new-comer has taken the place that for threescore years the great French poet has occupied in the world's eye, and these handsomely printed pages may well tempt us to pause and look back for a while.

Between the date of Waterloo and to-day, what a crowd of great men has come and gone upon the theatre of European events! Turn and turn about, kings and mountebanks, poets, philosophers, patriots, novelists, dramatists, and demagogues, have had their hour; but one figure has remained throughout the whole series of exits and entrances, playing on occasion the part of each of the others—now poet, now novelist, now, alas! mountebank—growing continually in size, like the genius of the *Arabian Nights*, till his shadow has filled the earth. If he did not literally play the part of king, it was because, according to M. Zola, he did still better: from being a hero in the republic of 1848, he was promoted by his exile to the rank of a demigod. From the day when Chateaubriand did not call him an “*enfant sublime*,” simply because the phrase had already

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\* *Théâtre en Liberté*, 1 vol. 8vo. Paris: Quantin, 1886. *La Fin de Satan*, 1 vol. 8vo. Paris: Quantin, 1886.

been applied to him by another,\* till the time when he was able, as a brother power, to set the Queen of England right as to her duties, without anybody laughing, his career was an almost unbroken success. He revolutionized letters, headed a school, was the terror of the empire, and died the idol of his country. That he was once made a peer of France and a member of the Academy were distinctions so by the way that we fancy most people never heard of them. His biographers, with Mr. Swinburne to swell their chorus, claim that the nineteenth century will hereafter be labelled with his name, as the fifth B. C. was with that of Pericles. We have lately read,† apropos of *La Fin de Satan*, that the modern Dante has left an epilogue to the *Divina Commedia* suited to modern needs. Really, we must take down the earlier volumes of the author, brush the dust from the tops, and see to what extent our opinion of him stands in need of a revision.

## I.

It has been said that Mme. de Staël introduced Romanticism into France with her book *De l'Allemagne*, but, in fact, the doctrines she preached found minds quite prepared for their reception. Indeed, Chateaubriand had been a romantic before the time, and André Chenier had already written verse too warm and free for the classic mould. The literary forms of the eighteenth century were dead, along with the spirit that made use of them. If Boileau and La Harpe reigned still, it was because no one as yet had openly declared their deposition. But there was a great fermentation going on in the veins of youth, and it was gathering force from the study of other literatures—German, Spanish, and especially English. The little band, formed about 1820, of which Victor Hugo soon became the acknowledged head, began modestly enough, though confidence in themselves was not wanting among their qualities. The first odes of the young chief differed from other poems of the same time only in showing exceptional skill in the manipulation of language and in a certain freshness of imagination. But new ideas were gradually assuming shape, and one day, in 1827, they were uttered to an astounded world in the famous Preface to *Cromwell*—seventy pages

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\* Victor Hugo himself would appear to have invented the phrase along with its paternity. Chateaubriand indignantly denied ever having said such a thing, and at last the *entourage* of the great poet, loath to give up entirely so flattering a legend, devised the form of it indicated above.

† Mr. Swinburne, in the *Athenæum* of July 10.

of mingled absurdity and commonplace that we of to-day read with a smile, if we read them at all. Not so the men to whom the Preface was addressed. It was a declaration of revolt and independence. It was the starting-point of a new school, of a new literature; it meant a war of extermination against old canons, the overthrow of old idols, and it produced an effect out of all proportion to its value as a work of letters. The passionate adherence of one party was met by a storm of abuse, prompted by something like real hatred, from the other. The "classics" had not only the Preface, but the 7,000 lines of the drama to tear to pieces. The work afforded plenty of matter for legitimate criticism, but their rage spared the beauties no more than the defects. It was the virulence of a losing side. The innovators, on the other hand, treated their opponents with scorn, as "*perruques*," as "*épiciers*," as "*philistins*," as "*bourgeois*," in all the joy as well as confidence of youth. The warfare was a long one. Maxime du Camp, in his *Souvenirs littéraires* (Tom. I., p. 134), gives an amusing instance of the feeling aroused apropos of the *Orientales*, and another, later, when, as a student, he was put into confinement for four days because a copy of the *Feuilles d'Automne* had been found in his desk.

We may remark, by the way, that the victors have since exaggerated their own prowess and the absurdity of their opponents. There was also a reasonable opposition, which, in its turn, excited hatred. Sainte Beuve has never been forgiven his desertion of the romantic cause, though his pen wrote of it always with reserve; and Gustave Planche, an admirable fault-finder, who wrote of Victor Hugo fifty years ago what might to-day almost pass as the final word of criticism, was treated to boundless hatred. Toward such an enemy the adherents of the poet could not, even in the flush of triumph, afford to be generous.

In days when our passions are aroused by things of quite another sort, these quarrels over questions purely literary excite wonder. Later in life Victor Hugo stirred up against himself political and religious animosities; but the battle over the *Orientales* was complicated by no such considerations. The poet's sins were that he distributed the cæsura in a manner not sanctioned by the practice of Racine; that he put a noun in one line and its adjective in the next; that he avoided periphrases, and preferred one direct word to six that reached the meaning "about the bush," so to speak; that he went back to forms of versification and usages of the

times of Ronsard and the older poets, while adding something individual and all his own. We will refer those who wish to know exactly the difference between the technical peculiarities introduced by Victor Hugo and those of the hundred and fifty years preceding him, to the admirable *Traité générale de Versification française* of M. Becq de Fouquières. Enough for this place that the poet made good his revolution, that he freed French verse from shackles that had become intolerable, that he found his language a poor instrument for poetry and left it a perfect one. Add to these qualities a color and picturesqueness hitherto unknown in French poetry, an unexampled power of adapting sound to sense, and always the "grand air" giving dignity to the veriest trifles.

All this refers to the mechanism of poetry. Victor Hugo was in these respects marvellously endowed from the beginning; his manner, of course, was perfected by practice until it found its complete expression in the first series of the *Légende des Siècles*. The language, with its rhymes and its rhythms, had become to such an extent his instrument that he wielded it as a juggler his paraphernalia. But, by the fatality that compels a lyric poet to sing even when the song is dead within him, Victor Hugo went on. He rattled all the munitions of his vocabulary, the abysses and infinities and immensities, about the walls of his poor dried brain and heart; and the emptier and drier they became the more sound they gave out. His vocabulary itself, which, up to the turning-point of his power, had merely kept pace with the splendor of his imagery, underwent with his decadence a process of inflation; and up to the end the disproportion between the frigidity and thinness of the conceit and the big, pompous words used to clothe it is ever more and more remarkable. In the second posthumous volume, *La Fin de Satan*, the maximum of sound and the minimum of sense seem to have been reached together. The period of best achievement was of exceptional length, covering thirty years, from the publication of the *Orientales* in 1829 to that of the *Légende des Siècles* in 1859. There were very bad things done in this period—notably, a great part of the indignant declamation of the earlier years of his exile—and there were plenty of good things done afterward, notably, *Les Misérables*; but during all these years, in spite of blemishes that we shall indicate directly, the work done was that of the most magnificently endowed lyric poet of our century, not excepting either Goethe or Byron.

Heine, in one of his several mentions of Victor Hugo, has a passage that seems to us, in its way, very much to the point:

"Yes, Victor Hugo is the greatest poet of France, and, what is saying a great deal, he might take a place even in Germany among the poets of the first rank. He has fancy and soul (*Gemüth*), and therewith a want of tact such as you will never find among Frenchmen, but only among us Germans. His intelligence is lacking in harmony, and he is fuller of tasteless excrescences than Grabbe and Jean Paul. The beautiful moderation that we admire in the classical authors is wanting in him. His muse, in spite of her splendor, is weighted with a certain German awkwardness. With regard to his muse, I might maintain the same thing that is said of the beautiful Englishwoman: She has two left hands."\*

It is true; the poet's taste was a singularly capricious quality: one could never tell when it was going to fail him, and it failed so often that his volumes are full of plump surprises to the sensitive reader. Then, too, grace, lightness, and gayety were charms that, from the beginning, were utterly denied to him. To do him justice, he generally took himself so seriously that he would have scorned such meretricious attractions. The wilfully inserted "grotesque" scenes in *Cromwell* and his other dramas, merely put there to set off the "sublime" of the rest, show how elephantine were his notions of pleasantry. In the *Chansons des Rues et des Bois* the lighter poems are simply gross, while in the *Théâtre en Liberté* he manages quite often to be both clumsy and gross at the same time. A more serious defect—one aspect, indeed, of the crowning defect of his poetry—is the repetition in which he indulges, the flood of conceits and words, words, words in which he drowns the slenderest ideas, to the serious injury of many even of his best pieces. For instance, in *Eviradnus*, one of the two greatest "of all the romantic and tragic poems of mediæval history or legend," according to Mr. Swinburne, we are told:

"Mais ce que cette salle, antre obscur des vieux temps  
A de plus sépulcral et de plus redoutable,  
Ce n'est pas le flambeau, ni le dais, ni la table;  
C'est le long de deux rangs d'arches et de piliers,  
Deux files de chevaux avec leurs chevaliers.  
Chacun à son pilier s'adosse et tient sa lance;  
L'arme droite, ils se font vis-à-vis en silence;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Tous se taisent; pas un ne bouge; c'est terrible.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Chevaux et chevaliers sont des armures vides."

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\* *Französische Zustände. Ueber die französische Bühne, VI.*

There we have the essential ; but the poet treats us to five pages, nothing less, of conceits, without adding a single statement worth giving to those just cited. He informs us, it is true,

“ Si Satan est berger, c'est là son noir bétail.  
 Pour en voir de pareils dans l'ombre, il faut qu'on dorme ;  
 Ils sont comme engloutis sous la housse difforme ;  
 Les cavaliers sont froids, calmes, graves, armés,  
 Effroyables ; les poings lugubrement fermés  
 Si l'enfer tout à coup ouvrait ces mains fantômes,  
 On verrait quelque lettre affreuse dans leurs paumes.  
 De la brume du lieu leur stature s'accroît.  
 Autour d'eux l'ombre a peur et les piliers ont froid.”

And so on, and worse. This may all be magnificent to the true Hugolâtre, but to us it appears a bit of perfectly cold-blooded fustian. We see in it the poet trying to lash his Pegasus into a fury, when the beast, left to itself, would indulge in a commonplace trot. The *poings lugubrement fermés* is delicious, though we cannot fancy its ever having had any meaning, even to the poet himself.

By the way, what a subject that hall of armor would have been for Gustave Doré ! What a mine of subjects the series of *Légendes* ! There was surely a harmony between the talent of the versifier and that of the illustrator, and we hold that it was a thousand pities that the latter, instead of wasting his time over the Bible, and Dante, and Milton, had not given himself to *Eviradnus* and *Ratbert*, *Zim-Zizimi* and *L'Aigle du Casque*. He might have rivalled, perhaps surpassed, his illustrations to the *Contes drôlatiques*. He and the poet had so much in common ! Fantastic perspectives, inverted proportions, false light and shade, love of the grotesque, contempt for exact detail. Doré's only difficulty would have been to add anything of his own to the material furnished by his subject.

The example just given was not selected—we opened the volume at random—and it is, unfortunately, far from single. Such redundancy spoils a great deal of Victor Hugo's best work. Sometimes disguising, sometimes accentuating, a want of real feeling, and sometimes indulged in for the sake of gratifying his inborn love of what, for want of a better name, we must call a lyrical Jack-in-the-box—piling up the pages of rhetoric in order to spring upon the reader at the end a single epigrammatic or antithetic line. Read, for example, in the *Orientales*, *La Douleur du Pacha*, in the *Feuilles d'Automne*, *La Pente de la Reverie* (one of the finest things in the book), in the *Légende des Siècles* almost anything in the volume.

We may as well say it at once: the *Légende des Siècles*, the most perfect rhymed work in the French language, as far as technical qualities are concerned, fascinating by the richness of its melody, splendid, too, as manifestation of a brilliant, picturesque, and altogether peculiar imagination, is also for us the full-blown example of every defect the poet had, excepting only those incident to old age, when feebleness sometimes conspired with bombast to show all that a great writer should not be guilty of. We hardly know where to begin in order to justify our attitude toward a book which, it is claimed, puts its author in the same rank with Homer, Isaiah, Dante, and Shakespeare. Even after summoning the courage of our convictions, we are tempted to begin with the Preface, as usual, the part of the volume which even his friends abandon to the enemy. It is impossible to treat seriously the pretence that these inventions of the Hugonian imagination are the outcome of a serious philosophy of existence, that they are "*empreintes prises . . . sur le vif de l'histoire.*" We would not contradict him, however, when he goes on to say they are "*empreintes moulées sur le masque des siècles,*" as the contradiction could be maintained only by somebody who could pretend to an understanding of the phrase. But even such an one would hardly assert that the Mourad, the Eviradnus, the Fabrice of the *Légende* ever had counterparts in any world save that of the brain of Victor Hugo, where the creatures, by the way, all wear a stronger family likeness among themselves than could be found in the world of real men.

Not for a moment would we refuse our tribute of admiration to this series of portraits, if not like the originals whose names they bear, at least gigantic, drawn with a free hand, vigorous and rich in coloring, with a setting that reminds us curiously of that of the pictures of the saints in the old Russian churches—gold, embossed in arabesques, and flashing with gems. In spite of an infinite variety of pattern, the general effect is always the same. Indeed, as a whole, the series of the *Légende des Siècles* may well be compared to the interior of the famous cathedral of the Kremlin, as we first saw it when we were young, in the deepening twilight of a long summer evening. The jewels and gold, married to harmonies of color as sumptuous as themselves, mount up and stretch away until they are lost above and around in a resplendent gloom. Dim figures here and there, prostrate in prayer, or moving about like spectres, vary the scene without disturbing its quiet. Suddenly, from out a dark

corner bursts the superb music of the Russian Church, the only thing needed, and the only thing possible, for completing the mysterious accord of color and splendor with obscurity. We have received a profound impression, and we cannot be quite robbed of it afterward when we discover that the cathedral is not nearly so large as we had thought it, that not all its splendor is real, and that its art is half-way barbaric.

And we cannot help feeling that the means used in the *Légende des Siècles* to secure effect are as strange to our civilization as is the Russo-Byzantine ecclesiastical art. There is redundancy of riches, with rudeness of form; there is ornament, ill-applied and unrefined in detail. Let us break loose from the metaphor. The first fault of the poems, with few exceptions, is that they would be better at half their length. In *Eviradnus* there are not only the five pages, already mentioned, of heavy rhetoric about the armor of the hall, but *Eviradnus* himself, before slaying his two victims, treats them to three pages of eloquence! We shall find the same defect further on, in the dramas. *Bivar* gives us two pages of talk in order to get two lines of reply out of the *Cid*. That is a case of Jack-in-the-box. And how they talk in *Ratbert*! The bishop talks, the *podestà* talks, the good *Fabrice* of *Albenga* talks—all of them for pages together. Indeed, the three pages of *Fabrice's* lament over the body of *Isora* go far toward weakening our sense of the wrong done the old man. Grief, even so voluble, might command sympathy were it only real; but it is fatally evident that all this passion is nothing but the poet's delight in stringing one rhyme after another. His indifference to the sufferings of his characters is Olympian; his business is to furnish all the verses possible for their occasions. Did ever a grandfather, in anguish over the body of his beloved child, the light of his eyes, talk thus:

“Est-ce qu'il est permis d'aller dans les abîmes  
Reculer la limite effroyable des crimes,  
De voler, oui, ce sont des vols, de faire un tas  
D'abominations, de maux et d'attentats,  
De tuer des enfants et de tuer des femmes,  
Sous prétexte qu'on fut, parmi les oriflammes  
Et les clairons, sacré devant le monde entier  
Par Urbain Quatre, pape et fils d'un savetier!”

When the rage of versifying takes hold of a man to such an extent that he is utterly insensible to the passion he would portray in the joy of saying odd things, and measuring and matching syllables



over it, he may beat Cowley in quips and cranks, he may be melodious as Shelley, he may succeed in embodying the prophetic fury of Carlyle in the happy swing of Byron, but he will never put any life into the personages of his story.

Failures of taste—as bad as those of which Heine talked, perhaps even worse—are not wanting in the *Légende des Siècles*. *Ratbert*, from beginning to end, is bristling with examples. Its sham mediævalism, sham sentiment, sham pathos, and sham horror, wind up, while we are still in disgust over the crowning scene of bloodshed, with the vision of an archangel wiping his reeking sword upon a cloud! This bit of the grotesque can plead in extenuation of itself only that it is of a piece with a good deal of the rest of the book; but it is precisely when one is wearied with that rest that such an absurdity is most revolting. If our criticism seem to any one a failure in sympathy, we advise him to turn back to the concluding lines of the *Jour des Rois*, and if he still resist, we compliment him on his stomach.

We own, however, that we might bear up against the grosser lapses from taste, were it not for the unceasing outrage committed by the poet's vocabulary in the *Légende*. There was a time when, on occasion, he wrote simply, but that was in the days when his heart had still something to say, and he was not reduced to making a simulacrum of feeling out of resounding words. It is when one's patience is strained by finding on every page the same *immensité, ténèbres, ombre, abîme*, and so on, that one becomes severe against the inevitable infractions of taste. The poet's special vocabulary forms a troupe with about twenty star performers and two or three score faithful *comparses*, and these are charged with the representation of every rôle, sacred or profane, grotesque or sublime. Well and good, were they only modest, conscientious actors, but they are terrible ranters, who "tear their passion to tatters," and sadly fatigue the ear.

This special vocabulary is largely, perhaps chiefly, used in the service of imagery, the conceits and fancies that crowd the pages of the poet. The imagination of Victor Hugo was astonishingly vigorous and agile, and trained to perform the most wonderful feats. We are still dazzled by them; but we confess to ourselves that better than all these gymnastics is any one of many poems of Alfred de Musset, where grace and tenderness are inborn, and where the accent of passion rings true for any heart that lives and has known suffering.

We have at last touched upon our great grievance against Victor Hugo. His egotism—the most stupendous and outspoken since Cicero, of which a hundred poems make us the confidant, which early in life alienated from him most of the friends who were unable to be mere satellites of his glory—has reacted upon his verse, and has deprived it of that crowning charm that establishes for us a relationship between the dissolute De Musset and the saint, Francis of Assisi. No great poet ever had so little of the *human* in him as Hugo. We say this in the face of the exaggerated humanitarianism he professed in later life, and which made him the champion of many a disreputable cause. Words, versification, imagery—sometimes, too, ideas—were, aside from his own glory, his great preoccupations. And yet, at given moments, he has touched the chord that vibrates in the inmost recesses of the heart:

“La borne du chemin, qui vit des jours sans nombre,  
Où jadis pour m'attendre elle aimait à s'asseoir,  
S'est usée en heurtant, lorsque la route est sombre,  
Les grands chars gémissants qui reviennent le soir.”\*

There is in those lines the quality which made people sometimes say of certain great singers, that they had “*des larmes dans la voix*.” The quality is so precious in Victor Hugo that we dare not assert that he has kept it even throughout the lovely poem wherein the stanza occurs. Yet it is found here and there in the earlier volumes of his poetry. Be thankful when you come across it, but do not seek it; the search may make you lose sight of the real, undeniable quality of his best work—imagination embodied in wonderful verse. The imagination may be responsible for many of the sins of the poet, but it was also his great force—his greatest force—since those marvellous powers of expression by which it found utterance must, as the mere technical part, be put in the second rank. And from the day when youth first read, and re-read, and dreamed of, and imitated the lines in the *Orientales*,

“Murs, ville,  
Et port,  
Asile,  
De mort,  
Mer grise  
Où brise  
La brise,  
Tout dort, ’—

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\* *La Tristesse d'Olympio*, in the *Rayons et Ombres*.

to the days when he sang *Les Pauvres Gens* with something of the imperfection of his perfected manner, it is true, but also with a tenderness and relative simplicity enough to cover many sins, what surprises and what pleasures has that imagination furnished to the world! Surrender yourself to its charm, not asking of it what it cannot give, and it has a store of pure joys to bestow. Turn over the pages of his various volumes; in reading whatever attracts, you will surely find plenty to justify the rank accorded to Victor Hugo as the greatest versifier of his country and of our century, who at certain given moments is also the greatest lyric poet.

## II.

Even the unlettered public knows something of the dramas of Victor Hugo. Their action, at least, is familiar to the opera-goer in all lands. *Hernani*, *Le Roi s'amuse* (*Rigoletto*), *Lucrèce Borgia*, *Marion Delorme*, *Ruy Blas*—ah, what pleasure have they given us all! How many nights have we sat, with half-shut eyes, listening to the sweet strains that chanted the most terrible passions, the most heart-rending situations! It seems hardly credible that they were written to be spoken, and not sung. Excellent as *libretti*, how are they as plays?

Their fortune has been exceedingly varied. The four volumes of the *Théâtre* read like the history of a war; skirmishes in the prefaces, pitched battles at the representations, sieges and prolonged defences in the shape of suits before the law courts. There were disastrous victories and happy defeats. *Marion Delorme* and *Le Roi s'amuse* were forbidden by the censorship, the former under Charles X., the latter under Louis Philippe, and, naturally, during long years they were greatly esteemed though they were not played. The *Burgraves* failed utterly on the stage. As for the others, from the night of the famous first representations of *Hernani*, when "Young France," after waiting at the doors of the Comédie Française from noon till evening, put the classical enemy to rout with great confusion, and, according to the legend, celebrated the victory after the play by dancing around in the *foyer* to shouts of "Enfoncé Racine!"—from that night, in spite of checks, the success grew even more stupendous. This is the story as given by disciples. On the other hand, it is claimed that the success was in reality largely one of a noisy clique, and that the opposition was not composed merely of effete "classics," but also of many men of sense, whose

judgment refused to surrender to a clamor. These had afterward to hold their opinion against the generous enthusiasm that spoke only good things of the exile of Guernsey; and later, when he returned to Paris as a demi-god, the tutelary divinity of liberty, equality, and fraternity, against the superstitious devotion that applauded the plays as sacred and inspired.\* The doubters may well have been discouraged. Their turn, however, came, even before the poet's death. In 1882 the political illusion had somewhat faded, and *Le Roi s'amuse* was revived and fell flat. Last year *Marion Delorme* was brought out at the Odéon, and failed even more signally. The audience found that the play dragged. The second act, with its long dispute about Corneille, in which the allusion to Victor Hugo himself was more than suspected, was but an interruption. The third act, with the wilful grotesque of the strolling players and the cheap erudition in forgotten poetry, was another interruption. The fourth act, with the indecisions and *ennuis* of the king, advanced nothing, and was a third interruption. The fifth act came too late to revive the public from its fatigue. It was then generally discovered that the dramas, that had been vaunted as continuing Shakespeare and Corneille, were dead for our age—as dead as the tragedies of Dryden. Possible exception is sometimes made in favor of *Hernani* and *Ruy Blas*; not that the history is any more history or the humanity any more humanity in them than in the rest, but as if Spain were a land outside of the realm of natural laws, where action might be ruled by the fancy of a romantic poet.

The downfall is a sad one, after the tremendous pretensions of Victor Hugo, who asked, in the preface to *Marion*, why 1831 should not be the epoch for the appearance of a poet who should be to Shakespeare what Napoleon was to Charlemagne? who repeatedly intimated that he was showing what Corneille might have done had Corneille only been able to wield verse as did he, Hugo. Why, then, has the public refused to sanction the opinion of the author as to these dramas?

We leave *Cromwell* out of the question; it was simply impossible, even for the makers of opera text. Its preface, however, had importance. Its publication was an event. We said, awhile ago, that it was mingled absurdity and commonplace; the absurdity was there in abundance, but we should have been more correct

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\* Some of them were put upon the stage in those days, and, indeed, one or two of them had been allowed toward the end of the Empire—with what success may be imagined.

with regard to the commonplace, had we added that it did not seem such at the moment of its appearance. It contains the principle of modern drama. The classical tragedy, we are told, gave "abstract types of a purely metaphysical idea." That is, the personages, few in number, exhibited in action of extreme simplicity the essential characteristics of human nature, those which are equally true for all times and in all countries. The modern drama, on the other hand, was as complicated as the tragedy was simple. It aimed at a complete representation of life, it included comedy along with tragedy, it reposed upon reality, and set before us men, not in general, but as they were in all their complexity at a given time, and in given circumstances and surroundings. As a consequence it must go hand-in-hand with history. Scenes, manners, even details such as furniture and costume were to be studied, as well as events, in order that the stage might render a complete and true reflection of nature. Nothing could be better, and it will always be a debt that France owes to Victor Hugo, that he helped to prepare the way for a real modern drama.

As for his own practice, however, that reserved a succession of surprises to those who thought the poet should be bound by his own principles, enunciated not only in the preface to *Cromwell*, but also repeatedly in his other prefaces. In fact, while principles remained, the practice kept constantly diverging more and more from them. To account for this we may advance two reasons.

The first was inherent in the situation. In the turbulence of revolt it is easier to throw over old ideals than to bring to perfection a new one. Clearly as Victor Hugo had enunciated the main tenets of the new drama, he was yet uncertain in their application. He would have no more of the heroic kings and regal heroes of Racine; but he did not give up the heroic type; he only turned it topsy-turvy, and made it more stupendous than ever, after a fashion of his own. His grandest figures are a bandit, a valet, a court fool, an emperor turned beggar, and several harlots. It is "a mad world, my masters!"

The second reason was in the nature of the poet's mind. Evidently he sees things as he states them; *i. e.*, as a series of antitheses. Shakespeare was the great model for the modern drama; in him nature was represented as Victor Hugo would wish it to be. What was nature? Misled by his faculty of seeing things always as contrasts, he resolves nature into an union of the sublime and the grotesque.

He tried this prescription in *Cromwell* by the introduction of four buffoons, not wanting in grotesqueness; but the play is not Shakespearian for all that, and the sublime is not brought out by the contrast. Moreover, Victor Hugo always, consistently and persistently, saw human nature in the same way. In the preface to *Lucrèce*, the antithetical prescription is plainly brought forth with regard to two plays.

"The idea which produced *Le Roi s'amuse* and that which produced *Lucrèce* were born at the same moment. . . . Take the most hideous, the most repulsive, the most complete *physical* deformity; . . . cast a soul into it, and put in this soul the purest sentiment which can be given a man, the paternal sentiment. . . . At bottom, you have *Le Roi s'amuse*. Take the most hideous, the most repulsive, the most complete *moral* deformity . . . and now mingle with all this moral deformity a pure sentiment, the purest a woman is capable of, the maternal sentiment; in your monster place a mother; and the monster will be interesting. . . . Paternity sanctifying physical deformity, that is *Le Roi s'amuse*; maternity purifying moral deformity, that is *Lucrèce Borgia*."

The receipt may give a monster—indeed, it can give nothing else.—but it can never produce a human being.

And yet the formula never varies. Marion is pure, self-sacrificing love, with corruption; so is Tisbe. Even the situations are regulated by the same law: youth is put by the side of age, rank with base estate, purity with vice, grandeur with littleness. Doña Sol, young, is matched with Ruy Gomez the octogenarian; Doña Sol, of the noblest blood of Spain, is in love with an outlaw; Marion, the facile, loves Didier, the misanthrope; Ruy Blas, the valet, loves the queen. Sometimes the opposition is a little more complicated, as where, in the preface to *Marie Tudor*, he tells us his aim was "to set broadly on the stage, in all its terrible reality, this dread triangle, which appears so often in history: a queen, a favorite, an executioner." It is almost a matter of course that what he *did* put upon the stage was a terrible unreality. How could it be otherwise when the mania for contrasts, for moral antitheses, is nearly the whole of his science of human existence?

As for the history in these dramas, it is as fantastic as the human nature. The author boasts loudly of his accuracy in the minutest details, and we will not undertake to deny that he may here and there be exact in matters of costume and furniture, though, even then, there is plenty of evidence that his researches have been filtered through an imagination which was one of the most powerful

transforming mediums of modern times.\* As for the events, they were entirely of his own fabrication, at least after *Cromwell*, where he did history the honor to borrow from it certain incidents. Usually he invented his story, combined the antitheses that he chose to call characters, and then applied to them names more or less well known, with a wardrobe more or less exactly studied. There was a Triboulet in history, but he was as little like his namesake in *Le Roi s'amuse* as that is like any man who ever lived. Compare the Charles V. of *Hernani*, or the Marie Tudor, with the personages whose names they bear! When it comes to action, his wise men act like idiots, his queens like washerwomen; we cannot pursue the antithesis, for there is nobody who acts like a reasonable mortal. Of only one thing may we be sure, that, if these characters have anything particularly pressing to do, they will, instead of doing it, stop to talk. Charles V., for instance, when he ought to conceal himself from the conspirators, indulges in a monologue of six pages in length!

It is useless to pretend that such figures are human beings: they are but puppets; they are moved by the hand of the showman, and they speak by his mouth. And that is their one great quality, for the voice is that of a great lyric poet. The monologue of Charles V. is dramatically a blunder, but Mr. Swinburne is right in calling it "majestic and august." The same may be said of other monologues scattered everywhere through these plays; they are magnificent as poetry, but they are fatal blemishes in the works where they are found. They are verses such as nobody save Victor Hugo could write, only, the lyric poet who lets his courser take the bit in its teeth and bolt with its rider has no business to set up as a dramatist. A witty French critic† recently said that the author was continually behind the scenes watching his puppets, and when anything came into his head that he wanted to say, whether related to the business in hand or not, he rushed upon the stage, put himself in the place of the personage who had been talking, rhymed away for awhile, then, seizing the luckless puppet, that meanwhile had

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\* As a single example of his scrupulousness in accepting evidence, the following from the preface of *Lucrèce* is delightful: "A ceux qui le blâment d'avoir accepté sur la mort des maris de Lucrèce certaines rumeurs populaires à demi-fabuleuses, il répondrait que souvent les fables du peuple font la vérité du poète." We may add that the popular wholly fabulous notion of Lucretia Borgia is largely owing to Victor Hugo's peculiar conception of verity.

† Maxime Gaucher, in the *Revue Bleue*, April 10, 1886.

been standing idle, set it again in movement and let it go on. There is but one genuinely living personage in all the plays, and his features are those of Victor Hugo.

It was one piece of the poet's good fortune, in a life singularly full of good fortune, that his dramas were during so many years banished from the stage. Not only did they gain the sympathy of generous minds by the fact of being persecuted, but they were not exposed to the searching glare of the foot-lights, where all the failures of construction, the want of reality in the characters, would soon have become evident. They were read by the fireside, and the imagination of the reader, charmed by the harmonious flow of the verse, the picturesqueness of the imagery, the lyric fervor of the poet, was not shocked by the emptiness of the personages. Oh, wonderful power of the poet! We remember one eminent critic who was present at the failure of *Le Roi s'amuse*, and was among the foremost to condemn it, and then went home and read over the play with as much pleasure as ever.

(Conclusion in the next number.)



## THE PRESENT POSITION OF PHILOSOPHY IN BRITAIN.

THE philosophic problem is the same for all ages; the treatment of it is special to each age. Whatever is distinctive and novel in form is in some measure an expression of the position reached. It affords some index to the movement of the intellectual life of the race. The thought of the day takes a distinct form, under pressure of the demands recognized as waiting solution; just as the build of our ships tells the stage of enterprise on the ocean highway.

There is, indeed, an obvious analogy between philosophic progress and all advance of human enterprise, notwithstanding the popular belief that philosophy is quite apart from the ordinary walks of men. At times it is suggested that personal influence has more than an ordinary share in determining the successive phases of philosophic thought. Noted theories bear the mark of distinct phases of individual genius, flashing out with meteoric brightness on the intellectual world, and by and by disappearing below the horizon, when the direct influence passes away. There are many who seem to think this a special and leading characteristic in the history of philosophy. But this is a mistake, fostered largely by the circumstance that the inner detailed history of philosophic thought is little known to the literary public. The wide circle of readers is most impressed by the outstanding names that are being constantly named in their hearing. In reality, there is nothing occurring in the history of philosophy essentially different from the relation of events in the ordinary walks of life. Whether we take ship-building, engineering, fine art, or observational science, it will be found that the same laws of progress hold good. Into whatever region we turn for purposes of comparison, we shall find that the laws of progress in the special field at the time contemplated are in reality the laws for the universe. The impress of individual genius is everywhere. An urgent demand rouses genius to action. Individual genius either directly meets this demand, or, as more commonly happens, it attracts to itself and stimulates the intellect of the race; and the two together supply the momentum which creates the history of progress. This is the key to all enterprise, invention,

and action. Only as it is the common law of advance, does it hold good in the history of philosophy. The law of progress is one, however diverse the interests involved, or brilliant the genius appearing in any field.

Applying the principles thus indicated, I propose to consider the present position of philosophy in Britain, not, however, as if British thought were a thing apart, as if our insular position separated us from other nations; but as a thing sufficiently distinct to have its own history and to make its own contribution to the development of philosophy, with all the special advantages belonging to its historic position among the English-speaking nations.

In attempting this, the first requisite is to make account of the forces at work as well as of the prominent historic names, chiefly, at the outset, the great central forces giving direction to history. Attention must be given, though references must be few and brief, to the manner in which our present problems have been shaped, and philosophic thought carried forward to the position now reached.

The best landmark by which to restrict the range of observation and secure a ready and easily applied test is to be found in the scepticism of Hume. With its critical and destructive effects we need not seriously concern ourselves here; but mainly with its demands, specially as subsequent philosophic thought has endeavored to meet them. These demands may be reduced to a single utterance in the claim for certainty of knowledge concerning the Universe, Self, and God. The meaning of this claim may be indicated by the question, If we trust to experience, can we have certainty as to any one of the three? If, in looking into the primary elements of our experience, and into the laws according to which the different elements are combined, we conclude that all knowledge takes its rise in the sensations which appear for a moment in consciousness and straightway disappear, can we have any certainty beyond the present consciousness, which is at each moment a vanishing quantity? The difficulty thus presented became the starting-point for a new movement of thought, Scottish, German, and French. Scotland, as best acquainted with her own son, was first in the field, Germany went more patiently and thoroughly to work, France followed in the wake of the other two nations. The problem was to find the Real, by finding a true philosophy of knowing; to define human certainty, and to ascertain whether it had a realm of any wider

extent than the foothold of the passing moment. This is the key to subsequent British philosophy, as represented by Reid, Stewart, and Hamilton, all of them Scotchmen; to German thought, as represented by Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel; and to French philosophy, as represented by Cousin and Jouffroy.

Our question here is concerned with the history of thought subsequent to these thinkers, discovering their influence on their immediate successors, and the traces of more recent intellectual progress, in so far as Britain is concerned. The speciality of British thought has been a somewhat closer and readier alliance with physical science than has obtained on the continent of Europe, and in this alliance Englishmen have had a prominent part—Scotchmen having clung more closely to the traditions connecting them with a school which turned inward upon mind itself with zest and hope, rather than outward on the field of material existence.

Where are now the British Islands in relation to the problem concerning the certainty of human knowledge? Before a true answer can be given, some reference must be made to the position of science among us. That the British people have in recent years taken their full share in scientific work, and have consequently gathered their full share of scientific rewards, are facts well known; and they are facts having an important bearing on the national attitude in relation to philosophy. While pure philosophy has been busy with the more-elaborate and less-observed work of analytic and synthetic study of the conditions of thought, a scientific age has dawned on the nations, a new force has arisen, to influence the whole current of intellectual life. This fact has exerted a mighty influence. For a brief season science may be said to have overshadowed philosophy, and even to have thrown it so deeply into the shade as to have involved the loss of the conspicuous place it formerly held. Some had even expressed doubt whether philosophy would ever again hold the position in Britain which it had done before the full blaze of scientific discovery broke upon us. These are passing, and even already remote, phases of national thought, which must, however, be noted if we are properly to understand the present position of philosophy.

Some may demur to this account of the present situation. Philosophy and science may be treated as if they were not only distinct, but quite apart from each other; and some few may still say that they are antagonistic. But the people who think and say such

things are gradually becoming fewer, and soon will be an extinct race. The separation of philosophy from science is an intellectual impossibility. The suspicion of it is only a passing disturbance, indicating how imperfectly the human mind is prepared for anticipating and interpreting its own progress. Science and philosophy cannot even be long kept apart. The volume of intellectual life is one, and the unifying of material and mental science is a result toward which the deepest intellectual forces must work. That this is the direction in which philosophy itself has been moving is clear. If proof be desired, it may be found in the fact that Hegel and Spencer, the two most potent leaders of the period immediately behind us, both have consecrated their best efforts to the elaboration of a theory of existence regarded as a whole. If they have been directly occupied with a theory of *knowing*, it is always with the object of reaching a theory of *being*. This is the result of the unity of national thought—we can, now more than ever, say the unity of international thought.

It must not be supposed that the approximation of science and philosophy, now becoming apparent, is the result of deliberate agreement on both sides, arising from a desire to come to terms. It is the fruit of necessity rather than of actual preference. Science has made no deliberate attempt to remove metaphysical obstacles or perplexities out of the way. Quite the contrary. Ignoring metaphysics and claiming a complete independence in the search for scientific truth, it has travelled along its own path, followed its own methods, and proclaimed its own results. But in doing this it has worked itself into metaphysics. With full confidence in its own methods, it proclaimed that science could do nothing but deal with facts, and a rigidly scientific explanation of them. In this way it lent indirect countenance to agnosticism, denying the possible knowledge of things not presented as facts to observation. But as the result of this legitimate, because logical, result of a stern application of its own methods, it found itself discussing the Unknowable, accepting this as a necessary task for human thought—and in doing so it has become metaphysical.

One point more. The movement of scientific thought has become not only connected with, but involved in, a theory of evolution. This theory proclaims not only unity of system in the structure of all organism, but unity in respect of actual evolution in history. The world as it now exists is held to be the product of the ages.

In this line, also, science has been working toward philosophic conclusions, and in doing so has been unwittingly working out a condemnation, at once, of pure sensationalism in philosophy, and of the sceptical criticism which assailed it. The former it has done by promulgating a distinct scheme of expectation; and the second by proclaiming that if we interpret all things by the experience of ages gone by we become unscientific, and miss the grandeur of the universe. Hume's argument against belief in miracles was based on the consideration that common experience is against them. Science, which has no place for miracles in the whole scope of its thought, declares that the evidence of each generation must be tested on its own merits, for according to an evolution theory every new generation of men has something to observe, to believe, and to interpret, of which preceding generations could have had no experience.

In these ways, briefly and imperfectly sketched, science and philosophy have been gradually approximating, and the philosophy of Britain manifests in a very marked degree the effect of this. The true position of philosophy is now being recognized, as the continuation of the thought which science has commenced.

While science has, in the way described, been working up toward the advanced lines where it has come to discuss the Unknowable, philosophy has been busy at its own proper work, seeking to elaborate a theory of knowing which should conduct to a theory of being. In course of this, it has been constantly affected by the stage of scientific advance. The experiential philosophy, otherwise named sensational, which builds on experience alone, and will not allow to intellect anything more than seeing power, through the avenues of the sensory, has naturally connected itself with the evolution theory, and has gained largely in popularity on this account. Whether this popularity will be more than temporary remains to be seen. I am unable to regard it otherwise than as a passing, though prominent, feature of nineteenth-century thought. As to the fact of present popularity, more especially beyond the range of purely philosophic circles, there can be no doubt. If the scientific men of the present day were asked to what recognized system of philosophy they would most readily turn, they would, by a great majority, give their preference for that of Herbert Spencer. Without professing to have had any training for the work of philosophic criticism, they feel that this system lies nearest to them, and can be most readily harmonized with their thought; whereas, a transcendental theory

is hard to interpret, if, indeed, it has any meaning really applicable to scientific facts and theories. What they recognize is that Herbert Spencer has looked with intelligence and patience into the records of science, and has constructed his philosophy in full view of what science has worked out. But this popularity is a mixed thing, partly scientific, partly philosophic; and, if these be distinguished, more scientific than philosophic; having a large concurrence of opinion in its favor on the scientific side, with a seriously divided opinion amongst those devoted to philosophy.

Taking the experiential theory on its own merits, and apart from the external support now indicated, it seems in recent years to have lost some measure of the hold it had upon the public mind. I would not suggest that its avowed supporters are less clear in their preference, or less decided in their determination to uphold it. But it has not the power in Britain which it once had. It cannot claim the popularity it had in the best days of John Stuart Mill; it has not made good the promise awakened by the first appearance of Spencer's *Principles of Psychology*. And this will seem the more striking, when we consider the favorable judgment generally accorded to certain portions of the work done. There is undivided acknowledgment of the service rendered by Mill in his clear and full exposition of inductive reasoning; and there is admiration of the service rendered by Spencer and other representatives of the school, in the field of empirical psychology. But their latest work is not up to the same level; it has failed to stir the same springtide of enthusiasm. The ethical division of their philosophy is not distinguished by the same grasp and power to convince; it does not seem to bear witness as it should to the sufficiency of the basis on which the thought is made to rest. Mill's *Utilitarianism* is admired as formerly for the clearness of its style, the fineness of feeling which pervades it, and the noble aspirations which it awakens; but its logical merit is not equal to these other qualities. Again, if you pass to Spencer, *The Data of Ethics* is not to be compared with *The First Principles*. And, if we take the finest thinker on the utilitarian side—I mean Sidgwick—he expressly asks a basis in intuition, in order that a beginning may be made with an ethical philosophy, the main part of which will thereafter be an exposition of the true meaning of utility as a rule of life, in view of the shifting relations arising under advancing civilization. These are the main things which explain loss of the old enthusiasm. They all tend to

favor a conviction that sensationalism proves insufficient to provide a complete philosophy. The theory moves with freedom in the wide field of physiological observation; it advances without loss of energy through analysis and development of the feelings; but when it comes to the higher region of voluntary determination, including all that belongs to the rational life, the step is less certain, and the destination altogether more doubtful. It is this which I think the public mind has come in some measure to recognize, and which accounts for the fact that the tide of thought in Great Britain does not set as the brighter expectations of sensationalism predicted it would.

Now we turn upon the rational or transcendental philosophy, thus to complete our view of the historic situation. The distinctive doctrine here may be expressed in the formula, the Rational is the Real. The intellect itself must supply the very conditions of knowledge, in accordance with which it becomes possible for us to attain certainty. In order to know, in any wide and large sense, we must rationalize. The essential requirements for a true philosophy of knowing, and afterward of being, are to be found in the critical study of the conditions and movements of intelligence itself. And this leads into a most intricate and elaborate investigation of mental procedure. On this line, philosophy seems at once to separate itself from science, passing off into an invisible region into which science cannot follow. Accordingly, the transcendental philosophy has never had, and never can have, the same hold on the scientific mind that is readily obtained by a scheme working in visible relation with science, and in closer harmony with it. The rational philosophy does not, indeed, separate itself from the study of the avenues of sense. This it could not do, for it must find the data concerning external existence *given* through the sensory. But it is not attracted, arrested, and occupied with the sensory, as the sensational school is. The attraction for the rational school lies in the opposite direction, in discovering what the intellect can do, and on what conditions. But it is impossible to deny that its tendency has been to disparage the sensory, as if the lower power were almost lost in the higher power; as if it were hardly worth while lingering over the testimony of the senses, because we know beforehand that the secrets of philosophy are to be found deeper. This has robbed the rational philosophy of a considerable amount of influence which the rival scheme has enjoyed. The verdict of public opinion seems, to me,

correct here, for the rational philosophy is weak on the side of the sensory. Its lack of power to speak to the scientific mind is chargeable against it as a fault. On the other hand, it is able to claim that science is so far from being at variance with the theory which proclaims that to know is to rationalize, and to rationalize is to know, that all science is an explicit declaration of this maxim. For while science has made its beginning in observation, it has really constructed system out of the heap of observations only by rationalizing. If, however, it be objected, from the scientific standpoint, that the transcendental philosophy is too intricate, remote, and in many of its aspects *abstract*, to be attractive to the scientific mind, there is but one answer: Things cannot be made simpler than they are. It is a much easier thing *to know*, than to construct *a theory of knowing*. Here no attempt can be successful which will not face things remote from ordinary experience; the intricacy is lying within the ordinary, wrapped up in the marvels of our own intellectual procedure. Granting the loss of popularity which this involves, the rational school must accept the inevitable, as science itself does in order that it may be truly scientific. For science proclaims the impossibility of popularizing itself.

The recent history of the rational school in Britain has been peculiar, and not quite flattering to national sentiment. Reid and Stewart and Hamilton, the great names of our early Scottish philosophy, when it faced the destructive criticism of Hume, have been at a discount. It is not disputed that there is power in their reasoning and truth in their conclusions. But they have not penetrated into the heart of the problem, as the German thinkers have done. On this account it has happened that British thought favorable to the rational school has within recent years been stimulated by Kant and Hegel more than by native thinkers. This is the true and honest, as well as admiring, acknowledgment that the critical philosophy, in its root distinction between a priori and a posteriori—between what is given by the mind (also given *to* the mind) and what is afterward given into the mind by experience—had begun a new era. The consequence, however, has been that the thinkers of the rational school in Britain have, for a considerable time, and of necessity, been expounders of Kant or Hegel. Translations, expositions, and criticisms have poured from the press, placing German thought in English form, and in a manner suited to the movements of our national thought. The work has been done with consummate



ability, and all parts of the kingdom have had a share in it. England has given us Bradley and Green; Ireland, Mahaffy and Abbott; Scotland, Semple, Meiklejohn, Hutcheson, Stirling, Edward Caird, and Wallace. All these have taken part directly in the work of translation, or of exposition and criticism. Kant has been translated, expounded, criticised; Hegel has had his "secret" disclosed by a master philosophic mind; and Hegelian thought has provided material for powerful assault on the critical philosophy, which has, nevertheless, wonderfully kept its hold.

The work described has given to Britain evidence of ample supply of native philosophic power. But expositions and criticisms belong to a transition period; in consequence of the necessary movement of our intellectual life, such a period soon becomes a thing of the past. So it is already, or very nearly so, in Britain. The rational school needs to make a new advance, and we have reason to expect that what is now in preparation will show itself indigenous. The days were—and they are not far distant yet—when we were treated to doctrines of finality in philosophy; when we were gravely assured that philosophy ends in Hegel. The progress of the ages is too strong for such a thing—the centuries do not cease; intellect does not work a treadmill; criticism is in its turn criticised, giving rise to a reasonable expectation of something new.

That we are on the eve of a fresh advance there appears abundant evidence to show. The evidence lying nearest us is the felt and recognized insufficiency of the best that the rational school has done in recent years. Speaking here only of the state of things in Britain, it seems to me clear that Hegelianism has reached to the height of its influence, and has passed it. On British soil, in recent years, as on German at an earlier period, the struggle has been between Hegelianism and the critical philosophy. "The Dialectic Movement" prepared to swallow up all that had gone before; but it has not succeeded. In Britain the result is the same as in Germany; there is a return upon Kant. The critical philosophy has its "secret," as well as the dialectic philosophy; and we want both, and something more besides, for we are far from being at the end of the "secrets." This is, to be sure, rank heresy in the ears of enthusiastic Hegelians, of whom we have a goodly gathering; but progress is apt to be heresy for the stage that went before, and that is fading in the rear.

We are not breaking with the past; we are only reading its lessons, and seeking free scope for thought as we try to interpret them and turn them to account. With the lights of the criticism over which Hegelianism has made its boast (and not without good reason, I admit), we are recognizing the defects of the Kantian philosophy; and in the ability of the Kantian theory to stand the shock, we are detecting the weakness of Hegelianism. The progress of thought is through the wreck of systems. The inexperienced, bewildered by the succession of theories, grow impatient, and call this "see-saw"—the weary swing of the pendulum. What they see is only the surface. A living force is working, breaking up the old frames, to find new and larger form for the energy belonging to it. We are encouraged by this, not alarmed. We are only confirmed in the much-needed lesson, that to know is easy, but to work our way through the intricacies of a theory of knowledge—to know ourselves—is more perplexing than to construct sciences. This is what is being more deeply recognized by British thought. We admire the critical distinction which Kant has drawn between a priori and a posteriori—between the categories of the understanding and the facts of experience; but, in harmony with the scientific spirit of the age, while we believe in the rational we believe in the phenomenal, and refuse the dogma that "things-in-themselves" are unknown. Admitting that the rational is the real, we read the rational into the phenomenal, and through the phenomenal into the existing. If we do not know things, but only sensations, the rational philosophy has become sensational, and is little better than the theory it repudiates; "our knowledge" is not knowledge, and the rational is not the real. Thus advancing beyond the Kantian thought, we find ourselves in the enclosures of the Hegelian, where we are hearing of the unity of thought and being. This is an escape from Kant's position to a vantage-ground from which criticism is easy, but where philosophy is not in any manifest way a gainer. Hume was not answered in the earlier way, neither is he in the later. "Things-in-themselves" are rescued; but "minds-in-themselves" are vanishing. For the logic of the categories we have to thank Hegel with unstinted praise; but philosophy is more than categories, and this is the conviction which is carrying philosophic thought beyond Hegel. "Know thyself" means much more than to decipher the dialectic in the movement of the categories. Thus, as I venture to think, the progress of British thought will bring us ere long to the rejection of

both schemes, with acceptance from both of large philosophic results as a permanent addition to the possessions of philosophy.

How it happens that this progress in thought involves a return upon Kant will appear by testing the rational school as we did the sensational. Judge Kantianism and Hegelianism by the theories of human life advanced, and Kant is at once recognized as superior. His ethical philosophy is the crowning feature in his system, as it is in some sense a rebuke of the weakness in the early part of it. Whereas, what Hegel has to say concerning the evolution of personality—and it is admirably said within the forms of the dialectic—is stunted and inadequate, and in most important aspects inconsistent with the earlier and dominant conception, that the evolution of thought is the evolution of being—a maxim dialectically good but practically weak.

In looking back in this way on the work of recent years we are contemplating the best that has been done, and we are assigning to it high intellectual merit. But we find in the survey evidence that the thought of the nation is in a transition stage, preparing for a new advance; and when this comes, it promises to be the fruit of all that is best in German and British thought; and in its nature a further clear advance toward a philosophy of human knowledge—a philosophy of certainty.

HENRY CALDERWOOD.

## RELIGION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

[This article was the last ever written by its distinguished author. Its solemn warning and earnest plea find additional emphasis in the fact that while uttered in full health and vigor, as the deliberate convictions of a strong mind at the zenith of its power, they are yet a dying legacy. The reader will feel at once what a promise for the future, what a proof of vigorous life, these pages contain. The end was sudden. Doctor Hodge died in the exhaustion which follows great suffering, on Thursday the 11th of November last, toward midnight. The tidings of his death were received not only in the immediate circle of his friends, but in the still wider circle where his name and work had always roused the keenest interest—in the cities of the Atlantic sea-board, wherever there were members of the great church with which he was identified—with a sense of irreparable loss and with the shock of a personal and public bereavement. The general sympathy has already found expression in the newspapers and periodicals. But it is only among those who felt his immediate influence, those who knew him in the common round of every-day life, who came under his charge as a teacher and educator, who were associated with him in the performance of public duties, that his real worth can be felt and the importance of his loss be estimated. The first series of this Review was conducted by his famous father, and reached under him the position from which in the last generation it exercised its great influence. Its second series found in the no less famous son a valued contributor; and this, the third, has enjoyed from the beginning the favor and counsel as well as the substantial assistance which entitle the editor to express, however imperfectly, his feeling of deep sorrow, and to explain how irreparable is the loss to this journal.]

THERE is no question upon which there prevails more confusion of thought, and, consequently, difference of opinion among those fundamentally agreeing in principle, than that of the relation of religion to the education furnished by our public schools. It is agreed that the perpetuity of a free state necessarily requires the general education of the people. It is also agreed that no agency can so effectually secure this necessary end as a school system supported by public taxation and controlled by the state herself. But if the American principle of the absolute divorce of church and state be maintained, how can the state have any definite religious character? and, if not, how can it administer a system of education which embraces a religious element? Of all the conflicting systems of religion, represented in the national population, how is it possible for the state to select one in order to embrace it in its educational system? If Christianity be adopted as the religion of the majority, shall it be in its Papal or in its Protestant form? How can it ever be equitable to take the money of even a small minority of Jews or infidels in order to disseminate a faith which they abhor? and, especially, how

can it be endured that their children should be indoctrinated with the hated creed?

The infinite importance of this problem has hitherto failed to be appreciated by the mass of our Christian people, because the inevitable tendencies of our present system of public schools have been disguised during the period of imperfect development. In the East these schools have been kept under local control, in decidedly Christian communities of fixed traditions, and they have been supplemented and restrained by numerous Christian academies and colleges. But a very wide, profound, and silent change has been rapidly effected. The system has been developed in the newer states from the common school to the state university. In the East the system has been gradually centralized, and local schools have been conformed to the common rule of the State Boards of Control. Congress has been asked to assume the reins by the appropriation of millions for the supply of schools throughout the Southern States and the Territories, and by the erection of a National University. The entire literature provided has been laboriously purged from every theistic or Christian reference. The school Readers of former times, as the *Columbian Orator*, published in Boston in 1797, the *New English Reader*, published in 1841, and the *McGuffey Readers*, so universally used in Ohio a generation ago, were full of extracts from the best Christian classics. These have been everywhere superseded by Readers embracing only secular, non-religious matter. Doctor Guyot's Series of Geographies, the best in the market, was rejected by the School Board of Chicago, after a year's trial, because they recognized the existence of God. A Christian college president said to Rev. H. D. Jenkins, D.D.:

"That is my *Political Economy*, prepared for use in high-schools and academies. I sent it the other day to one of our State Superintendents of Education; but it was returned to me with the note that its first sentence condemned it for use in public schools."

That first sentence was: "*The source of all wealth is the beneficence of God.*" For the first time in the world's history a complete literature is being generated from which all tincture of religion, whether natural or revealed, is expurgated, for the education of the youth of a whole nation.\* "Non-denominational" used to mean

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\* Ex-President Theodore Woolsey, in his great work on *Political Science*, Vol. II., p. 414, asks urgently: "Shall it come to this, that not even the existence of the Supreme One is to be assumed in the schools, nor any book introduced which expresses any definite

that which does not discriminate between the various Christian sects. Now it means that which does not discriminate between the sects of theists and atheists, of Christianity and of unbelief. A "non-denominational" college is a non-religious college.

Under these problems, therefore, there lurks the most tremendous and most imminent danger to which the interests of our people will ever be exposed, in comparison with which the issues of slavery and of intemperance shrink into insignificance. We feel sure, moreover, that although an absolute solution of these questions may be very difficult, that a comparatively just and safe practical adjustment is clearly within the grasp of our Christian people, if they clear their minds and use their power.

I. It is absolutely impossible to separate religious ideas from the great mass of human knowledge. In many connections, where these are not positively implied they are virtually denied. By "religion" we connote two related ideas: (1) natural theism; (2) Christianity as a supernatural revelation, whose organ and standard is the Bible. In affirming the absolute impossibility of separating religious ideas from the instruction given in our public schools, we do not mean that it is the proper function of any of them to teach a complete system of Christian doctrine or duties. It is only meant that they cannot successfully ignore that religious element which enters into the essential nature of the subject-matter of their teaching.

*First.*—This is proved from the very nature of the case. Education involves the training of the whole man and of all the faculties, of the conscience and of the affections, as well as of the intellect. The English language is the product of the thought, character, and life of an intensely Christian people for many centuries. A purely non-theistic treatment of that vocabulary would not merely falsify the truth of the subject, but would necessarily make it an instrument of conveying positively antitheistic and antichristian ideas. All history is a product of divine Providence, and is instinct with the divine ends and order. This is especially true of the history of the Anglo-Saxon race, which is a record of the conflict of religious ideas and forces from the first. It is self-evident that a non-theistic or a non-christian treatment of that history would be utterly superficial

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faith in regard to Providence or final causes?" And it has long since come to this that a minister of the Gospel has justified the state, insomuch as he affirms it "proposes to give only a secular education, that would be useful and needful in this life, if there were no God, and no future for the human soul."—*Religion and the State*. Rev. Dr. Spear, pp. 52, 53.

and misrepresenting. It cannot be questioned that morals rest upon a religious basis, and that a non-theistic ethics is equivalent to a positively antitheistic one. The same is no less true of science in all its departments. It ultimately rests upon the ground that the universe is a manifestation of reason. If God is not therein recognized he is denied, and a non-theistic science has always been and will always be a positively atheistic and materialistic one. The universe can be interpreted only in terms of mind or of molecular mechanics. Wm. T. Harris well says, in the *Journal of Social Science*, May, 1884, p. 130:

“Faith is a secular virtue as well as a theological virtue, and whosoever teaches another view of the world—that is to say, he who teaches that a man is not immortal, and that nature does not reveal the divine reason—teaches a doctrine subversive of faith in this peculiar sense, and also subversive of man's life in all that makes it worth living.”

It is obvious that the infinite evils resulting from the proposed perversion of the great educating agency of the country cannot be corrected by the supplementary agencies of the Christian home, the Sabbath-school, or the church. This follows not only because the activities of the public school are universal and that of all the other agencies partial, but chiefly because the Sabbath-school and church cannot teach history or science, and therefore cannot rectify the anti-Christian history and science taught by the public schools. And if they could, a Christian history and science on the one hand cannot coalesce with and counteract an atheistic history and science on the other. Poison and its antidote together never constitute nutritious food. And it is simply madness to attempt the universal distribution of poison on the ground that other parties are endeavoring to furnish a partial distribution of an imperfect antidote.

It is greatly to be regretted that this tremendous question has been obscured and belittled by being identified with the entirely subordinate matter of reading short portions of the King James version of the Bible in the public schools. Another principal occasion of confusion on this subject is the unavoidable mutual prejudice and misunderstanding that prevails between the two great divisions of our Christian population, the Romanist and the Protestant. The protest against the reading of the *Protestant* version of Scripture came in the first instance from the Romanists. Hence, in the triangular conflict which ensued, between Protestants, Romanists, and infidels, many intelligent Christians, on both sides, mistook the stress

of battle. Every intelligent Catholic ought to know by this time that all the evangelical churches are fundamentally at one with him in essential Christian doctrine. And every intelligent Protestant ought to know by this time, in the light of the terrible socialistic revolutions which are threatened, that the danger to our country in *this* age is infinitely more from scepticism than from superstition. We have, Protestant and Romanist alike, a common essential Christianity, abundantly sufficient for the purposes of the public schools, and all that remains for specific indoctrinization may easily be left to the Sabbath-schools and the churches respectively. We are in the same sense Christian theists. We believe in God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in His fatherly providence and love. We believe in the same divine-human Saviour, and place alike all our hope of salvation on His office and work as Mediator. We believe in the infallibility and authority of the inspired Word of God, and we nearly approximate agreement on all questions touching the Sabbath, the oath, the rights of property, marriage and divorce, etc., and with regard to the religious elements of science, physical and moral, and on all questions in which the state, or the schools of the state, have jurisdiction. Let us mutually agree, as citizens, not as ecclesiastics, upon a large, fair, common basis of religious faith, for the common needs of the state and her schools, leaving all differences to the churches, and, thus united, we will carry the country before us.

The testimony of the Rev. H. D. Jenkins, D.D., a Presbyterian minister, in the *Christian at Work*, August 19, 1886, seems to show that our Romanist brethren are nearer this infinitely-to-be-desired position than are most of us Protestants, who are so divided that common understanding and action is in our case more difficult. Doctor Jenkins says :

"Permit me to say that I have never in my life examined a series of school-books with more minute scrutiny than I have given to this set, and I have no hesitation in saying that they are truer to the ideal of our fathers" [the Puritans] "than any set of books I know to be in use in the state schools of America. There is a higher literary excellence to be found in their *Readers* than is to be found in those used in our public schools; than it is possible to find, when from our literature the ethical and religious element is so carefully weeded out. And apart from one or two dogmatic books, which are used as text-books—notably their Catechism—there is not a page in the whole didactic series which I could not freely put into the hands of my own children, or give to the children of my Sunday-school. Not only are they largely composed of extracts from our best evangelical writers, but Protestant and Romanist appear in their pages with equal impartiality. Their *Readers* present a truer and juster view of the state of literature in America to-day than can



be gotten from the books in use in the public schools. Their *History of the United States*, not seeking to ignore all those spiritual factors which gave shape and power to the past, is a far more complete exhibition of the formative elements in the national life than that taught under the patronage of the State. Throughout the entire series there is not taught one single doctrine distinctive of Romanism, or hostile to evangelical truth; not one reference to the mother of Jesus in any terms that would sound strange in a Protestant pulpit; not one allusion to the invocation of the saints; not one hint of the existence of purgatory, and not one suggestion of salvation by any other means but by simple trust in Jesus, the Saviour of men."

In view of the entire situation, shall we not all of us who really believe in God give thanks to Him, that He has preserved "the Roman Catholic Church in America to-day true to that theory of education upon which our fathers founded the public schools of the nation," and from which they have been so madly perverted.

*Second.*—The proposed attempt at erecting a complete national system of public schools, from whose instruction, in all grades, all positive religious elements are to be expurgated, is absolutely without precedent in the history of the human race. The schools of China have always been penetrated with the religion of China, such as it is. The schools of Europe of every grade, Protestant as well as Romanist, have, from the time of Charlemagne, been the children of Christianity. The schools of Germany, hitherto the most efficient in the world, provide even for the teaching the whole outline of dogmatic Christianity. The schools of revolutionary Paris alone emulate the agnostic profession and practice of our own system.

*Third.*—This new principle of the absolute elimination of the theistic and Christian elements from the instructions of our common schools is in direct opposition to the spirit and declared convictions of their founders. At the first, the population of New England was religiously homogeneous. The conflict has been precipitated by the unfortunate misunderstandings of Protestant and Romanist Christians, and by the utterly unwarrantable claims of a relatively small but aggressive party of recently imported foreign infidels. For two hundred years after the first colonization of the country every college and almost every academy and high-school was erected with Christian ends in view. Massachusetts established Harvard College in 1636. The president and each professor was obliged to profess "his belief in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments," "and in every year and every week of the college course, every class was practised in the Bible and catechetical divinity." Yale College was founded in 1701. The charter de-

fined its end to be the propagating the Christian Protestant religion. The Assembly's catechism, in Greek, was read by the freshmen; the sophomores studied Hebrew; the juniors and sophomores and the seniors, both at Harvard and Yale, were thoroughly instructed in divinity in the admirable compend of Wollebius.

Horace Mann was Secretary of the Board of Education of Massachusetts eleven years, from 1837 to 1848. He was, more than any other man, the author, expositor, and eloquent defender of the system. He may well be called the Father of the American Common-school system, and is able to speak of its original character and intention as an unquestionable authority. The changes he made, in order to render the schools of that state more homogeneous, and available for all classes of the people, necessarily drove many of the old grammar-schools and academies out of the field, and excluded the teaching of the peculiar dogmas of any particular Christian denomination. This inevitably excited anxiety as to the spirit and ultimate bearing of the system on the essentials of religion held in common by the great majority of the people. In order to remove all apprehension on this score he expressed his views and those of his associates frequently, and in the most emphatic manner, in his annual reports. He says:

"Such is the force of the conviction to which my own mind is brought by these general considerations, that I could not avoid regarding the man who should oppose the religious education of the young as an insane man; and were it proposed to debate the question between us, I should desire to restore him to his reason before entering upon the discussion."—*Reports*, pp. 710-715, "On Religious Education."

He did not depend for this religious instruction upon any agencies exterior to his own schools. The education he proposed to give the whole people in his schools he defines as "a training of the whole man."—Pp. 573-575. "I wish to vindicate the system with which I have been so long and so intimately connected, not only from the aspersion, but from the suspicion, of being an irreligious, or antichristian, or un-Christian system."—P. 717. "But our system earnestly inculcates all Christian morals; *it founds its morals on a basis of religion*; it welcomes the religion of the Bible, and in receiving it allows it to do what it is allowed to do in no other system—to speak for itself."—Pp. 729-730. "The Bible is received, therefore it is not un-Christian."—P. 735. "Further, our law explicitly enjoins morality, therefore, it cannot be un-Christian."—P.

736. "Our system explicitly calls upon the "resident ministers of the Gospel to coöperate."—P. 737.

II. This is a Christian country, in the sense that Christianity is an original and essential element of the law of the land.

*First.*—This easily demonstrated position does not, even the most remotely, tend to invalidate our cherished American principle of the absolute separation of church and state. Christianity is a supernatural revelation of God, recorded in the Bible. It is not an ecclesiastical organization, nor essentially dependent upon one. Churches and church officers of every kind are never lords over the consciences of men, neither have they any authority within the sphere of the state, but they are simple agencies used by God at His discretion for the dissemination of the Gospel among men. The state and the church are both divine institutions, having different ends, spheres, laws, methods, and agents, and the officers and the laws of neither have any jurisdiction within the sphere of the other. They are, nevertheless, both equally divine institutions, and the members and officers of each are alike subject to God, and bound to obey every word He directs to either one of them in their appropriate sphere. It is Christianity, or God's revelation to men in the Scriptures, and not any external society or agency, which is declared to be an essential element of the law of this land.

*Second.*—By this assertion it is not meant that the state is directly or indirectly committed to any ecclesiastical creeds or confessions, or to any interpretation of the contents of Scripture as to matters of either faith or practice, presented by the church or her representative. The state must interpret the lessons of Scripture for herself, as far as these bear upon her peculiar duties, just as the church must interpret them for herself and within her own sphere. The Christianity affirmed to be an essential element of the law of this land is not the Christianity of any one class of the Christian population, but the Christianity which is inherited and held in common by all classes of our Christian people.

This principle is expressed very plainly in a decision of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania in the year 1824 :

"Christianity, general Christianity, is, and always has been, a part of the common law of Pennsylvania ; not Christianity founded on particular religious tenets ; not Christianity with an established church, and tithes, and spiritual courts ; but Christianity with liberty of conscience to all men."\*

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\* Sergeant and Rowles' Reports, p. 394.

Chief-Justice Kent, in a decision of the Supreme Court of New York, in 1811, says:

"Christianity, in its enlarged sense, as a religion revealed and taught in the Bible, is not unknown to our law."

*Third.*—Nor, in the third place, does this affirmation that essential Christianity is an element of the law of our land mean that the civil government is bound either directly or indirectly to provide for the preaching of the Gospel, or for the doing anything else in that interest which falls within the sphere of the church. Whatsoever belongs to the church for that very reason does not belong to the state. But it simply means that Christianity, as a revelation, binds all Christian men to obedience in every relation and department of duty upon which that revelation reflects the will of God. The state should obey God in carrying out within its own sphere the will of God, however made known. God has revealed to all men much of His will, through the natural law written upon the heart. No respectable publicist pretends that this natural revelation of God's will shall be discarded by the state, or that the civil law must ignore moral distinctions because a class of our free citizens repudiate them. And God has also been pleased to make, through the Christian Scriptures, a special supernatural revelation of His will to all men, touching several matters which necessarily fall within the sphere of the civil law. These are such as the observance of a day of rest from the business of the world, the oath, the right of property, capital punishment for murder, marriage and divorce. Hence also, when the state, for her own defence, assumes the function of providing for the education of the rising generation of the whole people, the Christian character of the state requires that, as far as she teaches those branches of knowledge of which Christian theism is an inseparable element, as, *e. g.*, history, ethics, philosophy, science, she should include that element in her teaching also.

The evidence of this proposition thus limited and explained is threefold: (1) The *a priori* necessity of the case. (2) The historic genesis of our common law and political institutions. (3) The present actual facts of the case.

1st.—Every state must possess, in the whole range of its activities as a state, precisely the intellectual, moral, and religious character of the governing majority of its citizens. The state is nothing else than the people, constitutionally organized, acting in their

organic capacity through the machinery of law. If the people are morally righteous their action upon all questions possessing a moral character must be righteous. If the governing majority of the people believe in God as the Creator and moral Governor, and in the authority of the Bible as His Word, then organic action must express personal belief, and in all cases conform to the will of God, whether revealed in the light of nature or in the text of Scripture, as the majority understands them. If the citizen disbelieves in God and His Word, he does not believe in them at any time or in any relation, but if he does really believe in them, then he must act in conformity to them at all times and in all relations. It is simply absurd to say that a single believer must individually obey every indication of God's will, and that a multitude of believers collectively may, if they please, shut their eyes and ignore his voice. It is purely absurd to say that a believing man, on Sunday, must recognize and obey the voice of Christ speaking in his Word, and directing belief and action in the sphere of the church, and that the same believer, on Monday, sitting in a State or the national legislature, may disregard the same voice explicitly commanding his obedience in matters coming within his control as a legislator; as, *e. g.*, marriage and divorce, the Sabbath, or education. The thing is simply impossible. If attempted and pretended it is monstrous treason. Neutrality is absolutely impossible. If we are not for the King we are against him. If we do not acknowledge we deny him, if we do not obey we rebel. If the state acts under the light of nature, and without the light of supernatural revelation, it is certainly *non-Christian*, but it will be either theistic or atheistic. But if it act under the clear light of the Bible in the hands of all the people, it must be either Christian or *anti-Christian*.

This has always been believed hitherto. All nations of all past ages have confessedly founded their states upon their religions. This is true of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, of China, Japan, and all else within the purview of history. The precedents of the few short-lived atheistic states of history are alike exceptional and appalling.

This principle is recognized by the greatest writers on law in our language. Blackstone, Introduction, § 2, says:

"Upon these two foundations, the law of nature (dictated by God himself) and the law of revelation, depend all human laws; that is to say, no human law should be suffered to contradict these."

And Washington, in his Farewell Address, that legacy of political wisdom from the Father of his Country, says:

"Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles."

Every Christian, at least, must accept this political axiom. The Scripture, which he acknowledges to be the Word of God, fully commits him to this conclusion. Jehovah weighs nations as well as individuals in his balances. He estimates them as righteous or unrighteous, as godly or ungodly. These are characteristic Scriptural predicates of nations. It is predicted that all "nations" shall serve Christ, and that "nation" is declared to be blessed whose God is the Lord.\* The kings of the earth, as public magistrates, in whom the character of the state is embodied, are declared to be immediately accountable to God for their stewardship. Christ is "Prince of the kings of the earth."† "The powers that be are ordained of God." "Rulers are the ministers of God to us for good." "Whosoever resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God." "Wherefore, ye must needs be subject not only for wrath, but also for conscience' sake."‡ This is, moreover, the essential basis of all liberty for the individual, in an organized state. The law must be obeyed, either from physical constraint or willingly. Where obedience is irksome, or apparently to my disadvantage, I obey either in deference to the will of God, or to the physical force inherent in the majority. Obedience cannot be ethical unless it be religious, and it cannot be free unless it be ethical.

2d.—The principle for which we contend is demonstrated by all the facts relating to the historical genesis of our institutions. All organisms, political as well as physical, are generated by lengthened processes out of germs, and the character of the germ always passes over into the resultant organism. The elements subsequently introduced are digested and assimilated by the preëxisting constitution to its own nature, they never assimilate the preëxistent constitution to their nature. This is not a poor metaphor, based upon a superficial analogy between political societies and physical organisms. It is the definitely ascertained law of the growth of the one as well as of the other. It is at once a law of necessary sequence, and at the same time of most equal justice to all the parties concerned. It is only justice if recent immigrants, who voluntarily and for their own advantage enter into partnership with us in our paternal heritage,

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\* Jer. xxvii. 7; Prov. xiv. 34; Ps. xxxiii. 12; xliii. 1.

† Is. xxiv. 21; lx. 10; Rev. i. 5.

‡ Rom. xiii. 1-5.

should conform to all its long-established conditions. It is infamously unjust if the recent immigrant, immediately upon his advent, should demand the revolution of our established political principles in conformity with his untested speculations, while he ignores our history, and the rights of the majority who differ from him.

Every colony going out from an historical community in order to found new states in unoccupied territories necessarily carries with it an inheritance of laws and customs which constitute the germs of the new commonwealth. These lie latent (*a*) in the characters of the persons emigrating; (*b*) in their inherited social relations; (*c*) in their inherited legal customs, the *lex non scripta*, or common law; and (*d*) in the charters of their kings, or chief magistrates. The colonies, which by continuous political evolution generated the United States of America, were from the first constituted almost exclusively of earnest Christian believers. The Puritan settlers of New England emigrated at infinite pain and cost for the single purpose of founding a truly Christian government. The purpose of the Quaker followers of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania and West Jersey, was no less specifically religious. The Dutch of the valley of the Hudson and of East Jersey; the Huguenots, who mingled largely with the other colonists from Charleston to Massachusetts; the Cavaliers of Virginia; the Romanists of Maryland; the Scotch-Irish of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and North Carolina, all were earnest believers, and deliberately intended to found their nascent commonwealths on the basis of their religion.

Bancroft says that "the birth of constitutional liberty took place in the cabin of the *Mayflower*." There the charter of the first colony was formed and signed. It begins thus:

"In the name of God, Amen. We, etc., . . . having undertaken for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony on the northern part of Virginia," etc.

The Dutch East India Company, from its formation in 1621, provided for the religious as well as for the secular wants of the colonists in New Amsterdam.\*

In 1606 James I. of England gave a charter to the Colony of Virginia, in which the king appeals to "the Providence of Almighty God," and declares that one object of the plantation is "the pro-

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\* See *Christian Life and Character of the Civil Institutions of the United States*, by Rev. B. F. Morris. Philadelphia, George W. Childs, 628 and 630 Chestnut Street, 1864. To this wonderful collection of facts this article is much indebted.

pagation of the Christian religion." In another charter, given three years afterwards, the king says :

"It shall be necessary for all such as inhabit within the precincts of Virginia to determine to live together in the fear and true worship of Almighty God, Christian peace, and civil quietness."

William Penn, the proprietor and law-giver of Pennsylvania in 1682, declares that "the origination and descent of all human power is from God," so that "government seems to me to be a part of religion itself." The English element of this primary immigration ultimately absorbed and dominated all the rest, and consequently brought the English traditional common law into active force in all the territories covered by the charters of the original colonies. That common law is consequently the basis of civil and political life throughout our whole land, excepting those portions bought from France or Spain, or conquered from Mexico. It is so recognized in all our courts, state and federal; except in so far as it has been modified by our changed circumstances, or by positive legislation. That this English common law is the creature of Christianity has never been questioned. This has grown and been confirmed by the habits and legislation of our really Christian people through the two hundred and fifty years in which our institutions have been growing on American soil, and in doing so they have spread through all our zones, over all our mountains and plains, a mass of precedents, half-unconscious traditions, self-executing habits, instincts, prejudices, of our millions of people, which it would be a herculean task to undo by positive legislation in a thousand years. Our people would not if they could, and they could not if they would.

The first constitutions which these colonies formed for themselves were explicitly Christian. Connecticut gave the first example of a written Constitution self-imposed by any State. That first Constitution recognizes "the Providence of Almighty God." It declares that the great end of the establishment of that political commonwealth was "to maintain and preserve the Gospel of our Lord Jesus." It declares that "the Scriptures hold forth a perfect rule for the direction and government of all men in all duties they are to perform to God and man." The first act of the Legislature of the Province of Pennsylvania, at Chester, December, 1682, declares that "Government in itself is a venerable ordinance of God," and that it was the principal object "of the freemen of Pennsylvania to make



and establish such laws as shall best preserve true Christian and civil liberty, in opposition to unchristian, licentious, and unjust practices." The Colonial Legislature of New York, in 1665, ordered that a church should be erected in each parish, and that ministers should preach every Sabbath. The Church of England was established in the Colony of Virginia, and remained so until after the Revolution. The first charter of South Carolina, granted in 1662, by Charles II., declared that pious zeal for "the propagation of the Gospel" had been the actuating motive of the colonists. The second charter, granted in 1669, provided a "Fundamental Constitution," which declared the Church of England "to be the national religion of all the king's dominions, as also of Carolina." It permits Jews and other dissenters from the purity of the Christian religion to form churches, on condition they should (1) acknowledge the existence of God, (2) and that he should be worshipped, and (3) that every man, at the command of the magistrate, should testify in some form indicating a recognition of divine justice and of human responsibility.

At the era of the Revolution all the colonies adopted Christian constitutions in assuming their new character as sovereign states. The State Constitution of Massachusetts, adopted 1780, declares "That the happiness of a people, and the good order and preservation of civil government, essentially depends upon piety, religion, and morality." It proceeds to provide that the Legislature shall require the "several towns to make suitable provision for the support of Protestant teachers of piety, religion, and morality." And it ordains that every person "chosen governor, lieutenant-governor, senator, or representative, and accepting the trust, shall subscribe a solemn profession that he believes in the Christian religion, and has a firm persuasion of its truth." South Carolina, in her Constitution, in 1778, declares "that all persons and religious societies who acknowledge that there is a God, and a future state of rewards and punishments, and that God is to be publicly worshipped, shall be tolerated. The Christian Protestant religion shall be deemed, and is hereby constituted and declared to be, the established religion of the State." The English church continued the established church of Virginia until after the Revolution. The "Act for the establishment of religious freedom," passed through the influence of Jefferson, recognizes "Almighty God," and Christ, "the Author of our religion, the Lord both of body and mind." The constitutions of

Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Delaware, and Maryland, all formed in 1776, all required a professional belief in the truths of the Christian religion as a condition of holding any office, or place of trust. Those of New Jersey and of Georgia, in 1777, restrict toleration to the various sects of the Protestant religion. The constitutions of New Hampshire, Vermont, and Connecticut, all in various terms declared the duty of worshipping God, the truth of the Christian religion, and the importance of its institutions. The Constitution of the State of New York, in 1777, recognizes the special character of the Christian ministry by excluding clergymen from holding any civil or military office under the state. The Legislature of New York, in 1838, declares: "This is a Christian nation. . . . Our Government depends for its being on the virtue of its people—on the virtue that has its foundation in the morality of the Christian religion, and that religion is the common and prevailing faith of the people." The Great and General Court of Massachusetts issued a proclamation in 1776, declaring "that piety and virtue, which alone can secure the freedom of any people, may be encouraged, they command and enjoin upon the good people of this colony that they lead sober, religious, and peaceable lives, avoiding all blasphemies, contempt of Holy Scripture and of the Lord's Day, and all other crimes and misdemeanors." The seventh section of the Bill of Rights, forming part of the Constitution of Ohio (1802), which was in force during the period in which their common-school system was perfected, ends as follows:

"Religion, morality, and knowledge, however, *being essential to good government*, it shall be the duty of the General Assembly to pass suitable laws to protect every religious denomination in the peaceable enjoyment of its own mode of worship, and to encourage schools and the means of instruction."

The men who formed the Federal Constitution were, with no known exception, earnest believers in the moral government of God, and the great majority were earnest Christians. Franklin and Jefferson, who would naturally be thought of as exceptions, occupied very much the position of the more conservative and reverent class of our modern Unitarians. The former introduced the resolution into the Convention for drafting the Federal Constitution, for opening their sessions with prayer, saying: "The longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, *that God governs the affairs of men.*" The latter said, in his first Message as President:

"Can the liberties of a nation be thought secure, when we have removed their

only firm basis, a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are the gift of God ? ”

But, far better than these, Washington, Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Roger Sherman, Richard Stockton, John Witherspoon, Gouverneur Morris, Benjamin Rush, Alexander Hamilton, Charles Carroll, John Jay, Elias Boudinot, James Madison, James Monroe, and afterwards John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and Abraham Lincoln, were sincere and outspoken believers in the truth and universal obligation of the Christian religion.

The first act of the Continental Congress, Tuesday, September 6, 1774, was to resolve that the Rev. Mr. Duché be desired to open Congress to-morrow morning with prayer.” On occasion they resolved to attend divine service as a body. They frequently recommended to the authorities of the several states the observance of days of humiliation, fasting, and prayer. In September, 1777, Congress, voting by States, resolved that: “The Committee on Commerce be directed to import 20,000 Bibles.” In 1781, the Rev. Mr. Aitken asked Congress to aid him in printing an edition of the Bible. A committee was appointed to attend to the matter, which subsequently secured the examination and approval of the work done by Mr. Aitken, by Bishop White, and Doctor Duffield:

“Whereupon, *Resolved*, That the United States, in Congress assembled, highly approve the pious and laudable undertaking of Mr. Aitken, . . . and being satisfied of his care and accuracy in the execution of the work, they recommend this edition of the Bible to the inhabitants of the United States.”

Although the Federal Constitution does not explicitly recognize Christianity, it contains no single phrase that by remote implication reflects upon it, and in several incidentals it implicitly signifies its truth: as when it bears date “in the year of our Lord 1787”; and when in four places it demands the sanction of an oath, which is essentially a religious act; and as when it provides for the observance of the Christian Sabbath (Art. I, § 7).

From the first, under this Constitution, Congress has provided for itself a constant succession of chaplains, and the sessions of both Houses have been continuously opened with religious services. Chaplains have also always been provided by law, and paid from the public purse, for the army, navy, and prisons of the United States. The same has been done by all the several states for the service of their Legislatures, militia, prisons, penitentiaries, and reformatories

of all kinds. And these chaplains are required by law to be regularly authorized ministers of one or other of the Christian denominations.

From the first, throughout our whole history, the Colonial and State Legislatures, the Continental and United States Congress, have frequently appointed thanksgiving days and days of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. In Virginia, June, 1774, at the first news of the Boston Port Bill, Mr. Jefferson, through Mr. Nicholas, proposed a day of "fasting, humiliation, and prayer," "to implore Heaven to avert from us the horrors of civil war," etc. On December 11, 1776, another fast day was appointed, and God acknowledged as the supreme "Disposer of events, and Arbiter of the fate of nations." In November, 1776, Congress sent an address to the several States and to Washington's army, calling for a service of thanksgiving for the victory over Burgoyne, in which all men are exhorted "to confess their manifold sins," and to make "supplication that it may please God, through the merits of Jesus Christ, mercifully to forgive," etc.

These fast-day observances were the united acts of Congress and of the several State Legislatures and their governors. They were the acts of the Nation, and of the states in their political character, and as such they have been repeated continuously to the present time. The local Thanksgiving Day of New England puritanism, as Christian in its origin as Christmas itself, has become a fixed national institution. In every instance the Thanksgiving-Day proclamations of President or Governor constitute an explicit official recognition of God and of his providential and moral government, and implicitly of the Christian religion. In many conspicuous cases the full faith of Christianity has been definitely confessed. In 1780, Congress uttered a call to thanksgiving, which entreats God to "cause the knowledge of Christianity to spread over the earth." Again, on Thursday, March 19, 1782, "The United States, in Congress assembled," call men to pray "that the religion of our divine Redeemer, with all its divine influences, may cover the earth as the waters cover the seas." Again, the United States, in Congress assembled, in 1783, "call men to give thanks that He [God] hath been pleased to continue unto us the light of the blessed Gospel." Again, in 1787, "The United States of America, in a Committee of States assembled," recommend to the "Supreme Executives of the several States," to call the people to give thanks to God, that He "has been pleased to continue to us the light of Gospel truth." The proclamation for a fast day, March 23, 1778, recognizes the "Redeemer of mankind," and another

of March 8, 1799, recognizes the "great Mediator and Redeemer and the Holy Spirit." The Senate of the United States, March 2, 1863, passed a resolution which explicitly declares the faith of the Government in the success of the war to rest upon "the assurances of His [God's] Word," and their purpose to seek God "through Jesus Christ." And the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, of same date, signed also by Wm. H. Seward, acknowledges the "Holy Scriptures" as the revelation of God. The acknowledgment of Christianity is frequently found in the proclamations of the governors of the several States, *e.g.*, as of Seward, of New York, in 1839 and 1840, of Bouck, in 1844, of Silas Wright, in 1845, of John Young, in 1847, 1848, of Horatio Seymour, 1853, 1854, of Andrew, of Massachusetts, 1861, of Olden, of New Jersey, 1862, of Berry, of New Hampshire, 1862, of Lowe, of Iowa, and Brown, of Georgia, 1858.

These facts, and the vast multitude which they represent, have been fully recognized by some of the most profound of our lawyers. Daniel Webster, "the interpreter of the Constitution," says:

"There is nothing we look for with more certainty than this principle that Christianity is part of the law of the land. General, tolerant Christianity, independent of sects and parties."

In his *Institutes of International Law*, Judge Story, of Massachusetts, for many years a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, said:

"One of the beautiful traits of our municipal jurisprudence is that Christianity is part of the common law, from which it seeks the sanction of its rights, and by which it endeavors to regulate its doctrine."

In 1824, the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania declared, in a judgment on a case of blasphemy, that "Christianity, general Christianity, is part of the common law of Pennsylvania." Judge Parsons, of Massachusetts, delivered an opinion to the same effect. Chief-Justice Kent, of New York, in 1811, delivered a similar opinion. In the same year, Justice Allen, of the Supreme Court of New York, delivered the unanimous opinion of that court to the effect that "Christianity is part of the common law of this state, in the qualified sense that it is entitled to respect and protection as the acknowledged religion of the people."

3d. In support of our contention that Christianity retains its initial status as an essential element of the law of our land, we appeal to the fact that, in spite of the importation of multitudes of infidels

among the socialists and political impracticables that Europe is continually sending us, the proportion of professed Christians to the mass of the community has been steadily increasing. The census of 1880 makes the communicating members of the Protestant churches 9,517,945. Allowing the very moderate estimate of 2,548,335 as the number of actual communicants out of the total of 6,370,838 of the Romanists, we have, as the total number of Christian communicants in the country, 12,066,280. The total *adult* population, in 1880, was about 25,000,000, making almost every other adult a communicant, and hence the overwhelming majority adherents to Christianity and its institutions. The ratio of communicants in the evangelical churches to the entire population was, in 1800, 1 to every 14.50; in 1850, 1 to every 6.57; in 1870, 1 to every 5.78; and, in 1880, 1 to every 5 of the inhabitants. From 1800 to 1880 the population of the nation increased 9.46 fold, while, in the same time, the evangelical communicants increased 27.52 fold. From 1850 to 1880 the population increased 116 per cent., and the evangelical communicants increased 184 per cent., while, in addition to this, the Roman Catholic population, which was very small before 1840, has increased more than 400 per cent. in the last thirty years.

III. What, then, shall we conclude is the demand of simple, rational equity as between the rival claims of the believing and of the unbelieving contestants in the case in hand? The antichristian minority consists of two parties: (1) The Jews, who believe in God, and in the Old Testament as the revelation of His will; (2) the agnostics, many of whom do not really know that they do not know, and only half believe that they do not believe. They have no fixed convictions and no inherited institutions. Has the great mass of the nation, the true heirs in succession of our Christian sires, the subduers of the wilderness, the conquerors of independence, the founders of Constitution and laws, no rights? Shall the Christian majority consent that their wealth shall be taxed, and the whole energy of our immense system of public schools be turned to the work of disseminating agnosticism through the land and down the ages? Ex-President Woolsey\* asks:

"What right has the state to permit a man to teach a doctrine of the earth or the solar system which rests on atheism, if theism and revelation must be banished from the scholastic halls. Why permit evolution to be publicly professed more than predestination?"

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\* *Political Science*, Vol. II., p. 408.

IV. The alternative is simple. Christians have all the power in their own hands. Says President Woolsey: \*

"If this should be" [the policy of excluding all religion] "the course of opinion growing out of the doctrine of personal and family rights, will not one of two things happen—that all the churches will become disaffected toward the common schools, as the Catholics now are, and provide teaching for themselves, while the schools will be left to the *fax infima populi*; or that some kind of compromise will be made between the sects and the state, such as all of them, with one exception, would now disapprove?"

The danger arises simply from the weak and sickly sentimentalism respecting the transcendental spirituality of religion, the non-religious character of the state, and the supposed equitable rights of a small infidel minority. All we have to do is for Catholics and Protestants—disciples of a common Master—to come to a common understanding with respect to a common basis of what is received as general Christianity, a practical quantity of truth belonging equally to both sides, to be recognized in general legislation, and especially in the literature and teaching of our public schools. The difficulties lie in the mutual ignorance and prejudice of both parties, and fully as much on the side of the Protestants as of the Catholics. Then let the system of public schools be confined to the branches of simply common-school education. Let these common schools be kept under the local control of the inhabitants of each district, so that the religious character of each school may conform in all variable accidents to the character of the majority of the inhabitants of each district. Let all centralizing tendencies be watchfully guarded against. Let the Christians of the East, of all denominations, increase the number and extend the efficiency of all their Christian academies and higher colleges. And let the Christians of the vast West preoccupy the ground, and bend all their energies in their efforts to supply the rising floods of their incoming population with a full apparatus of high-schools and colleges, to meet all possible demands for a higher education.

One thing is absolutely certain. Christianity is ever increasing in power, and, in the long run, will never tolerate the absurd and aggressive claims of modern infidelity. The system of public schools must be held, in their sphere, true to the claims of Christianity, or they must go, with all other enemies of Christ, to the wall.

A. A. HODGE.

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\* *Political Science*, Vol. II., p. 414.

## THE PAST AND THE FUTURE OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

FOR half a century or more no question of English domestic politics has excited so much interest outside England as that question of resettling her relations with Ireland, which was fought over in the last Parliament, and still confronts the Parliament that has just been elected. Apart from its dramatic interest, apart from its influence on the fortune of parties, and its effect on the imperial position of Great Britain, it involves so many large principles of statesmanship, and raises so many delicate points of constitutional law, as to deserve the study of philosophical thinkers no less than of practical politicians in every free country. It is naturally in America that the interest of observers has been keenest. Englishmen are usually, and, on the whole, wisely, unmoved by the opinion of the European Continent. Foreign journalists and politicians rarely comprehend either English institutions or English modes of thought and feeling, and are sadly at sea in their estimate of English public men. Because they misinterpret our motives they misjudge our acts, generally, no doubt, in a spirit of envy and suspicion ; but sometimes, also, by ascribing to us a profundity and tenacity to the praise of which we are not entitled. But American opinion is another matter. We, in England, value it, because we know that it is based not only on the sense of kinship, on faith in the power of freedom, but also on a sympathetic insight into our habits of thinking and doing, and an appreciation of the principles by which our Government is worked. American and English institutions spring from the same root ; and although the solutions which have been found or attempted for the political problems of the last hundred years have often taken different forms on the two sides of the Atlantic, the problems have been mostly similar in substance. Each nation has far more to learn, and does, in fact, learn far more, from the experience of the other than either can learn from any other source. Watching American opinion with the care it deserves, we have remarked that this is a question which the people of the United States are following with a specially close and interested attention. We believe it to be one whose broad



outlines, at least, they are, from their own history, specially competent to master and pronounce upon. It has a practical interest for them, as well as for us, for it affects the political attitude of a large and active element in their own population. And with this natural desire that all the facts should be known to them, an English writer feels almost bound to accept the invitation conveyed to him to lay before the readers of a leading American review some of the facts which he thinks material to a fair judgment on the case—facts whose importance may not have been fully gathered from that daily record of events which the telegraphic cable supplies. Such a writer is, however, bound to repress any tendency to partisanship. When he brings before a distant public matters warmly debated in his own country, he must endeavor to state the case as a fair-minded foreign observer would state it, and to give the reader the means of distinguishing between what he can declare to be unquestionable facts and such inferences as he may draw from views he may express upon those facts themselves. This is what I shall try to do.

The circumstances which led to the introduction of the Government of Ireland Bill, in April last, are familiar to Americans as well as Englishmen. Ever since the crowns and parliaments of Great Britain and Ireland were united, in A.D. 1800, there has been in Ireland a party which protested against that union as fraudulently obtained and inexpedient in itself. For many years this party, led by Daniel O'Connell, maintained an agitation for Repeal. After his death a more extreme section, which sought the complete independence of Ireland, raised the insurrection of 1848, and subsequently, under the guidance of other hands, formed the Fenian conspiracy, whose projected insurrection was nipped in the bud in 1867, though the conspiracy continued to menace the Government and the tranquillity of the island. In 1872 the Home Rule party was formed, demanding, not the Repeal of the Union, but the creation of an Irish Legislature, and the agitation, conducted in Parliament in a more systematic and persistent way than heretofore, took also a legitimate constitutional form. To this demand English and Scotch opinion was at first almost unanimously opposed. At the general election of 1880, which, however, turned mainly on the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield's Government, not more than three or four members were returned by constituencies in Great Britain who professed to consider Home Rule as even an open question. All through the Parliament which sat from 1880 till 1885, the Nationalists' party, led

by Mr. Parnell, and including at first less than half, ultimately about half, of the Irish members, was in constant and generally bitter opposition to the Government of Mr. Gladstone. But during these five years a steady, although silent and often unconscious, process of change was passing in the minds of English and Scotch members, especially Liberal members, due to their growing sense of the mistakes which Parliament committed in handling Irish questions, and of the hopelessness of the efforts which the Executive was making to pacify the country on the old methods. First, they came to feel that the present system was indefensible. Then, while still disliking the notion of an Irish Legislature, they began to think it deserved consideration. Next they admitted, though usually in confidence to one another, that although Home Rule might be a bad solution, it was a probable one, toward which events pointed. Last of all, and not till 1884, they asked themselves whether, after all, it would be a bad solution, provided a workable scheme could be found. But as no workable scheme had been proposed, they still kept their views, perhaps unwisely, to themselves, and although the language held at the general election of 1885 showed a great advance in the direction of favoring Irish self-government, beyond the attitude of 1880, it was still vague and hesitating, and could the more easily remain so because the constituencies had not (strange as it may now seem) realized the supreme importance of the Irish question. Few questions were put to candidates on the subject, for both candidates and electors wished to avoid it. It was disagreeable; it was perplexing; so they agreed to leave it on one side. But when the result of the Irish elections showed, in December, 1885, an overwhelming majority in favor of the Home Rule party, and when they showed, also, that this party held the balance of power in Parliament, no one could longer ignore the urgency of the issue. There took place what chemists call a precipitation of substance held in solution. Public opinion on the Irish question had been in a fluid state. It now began to crystallize, and the advocates and opponents of Irish self-government fell asunder into two masses, which soon solidified. This process was hastened by the fact that Mr. Gladstone's view, the indications of which, given by himself some months before, had been largely overlooked, now became generally understood. The conduct of the Government of Lord Salisbury, who was then in power, had also its influence, but, as this is matter of party controversy in England, I pass it by, for my object is only to show that the adoption

of a Home Rule policy by one of the great English parties was not so sudden a change as it seemed. The process had been going on for years, though in its earlier stages it was so gradual and so unwelcome as to be faintly felt and reluctantly admitted by the minds that were undergoing it. In the spring of 1886 the question could be no longer evaded or postponed. It was necessary to choose between one of two courses; the refusal of the demand for self-government, coupled with the introduction of a severe Coercion Bill, or the concession of it by the introduction of a Home Rule Bill. There were some few who suggested, as a third course, the granting of a limited measure of local institutions, such as county boards, but most people felt, as did Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, that this plan would have had most of the dangers and few of the advantages of either of the two others.

How the Government of Ireland Bill was brought into the House of Commons on April 8th, amid circumstances of curiosity and excitement unparalleled since 1832; how, after debates of almost unprecedented length, it was defeated in June, by a majority of thirty; how the policy it embodied was brought before the country at the general election, and failed to win approval; how the Liberal party has been rent in twain upon the question; how Mr. Gladstone resigned, and has been succeeded by a Tory Ministry, which the dissident Liberals, who condemn Home Rule, are now supporting—all this is too well known to American readers to need recapitulation here. But the causes of the disaster may not be equally understood by them, for it is only now, even in England—now, when the smoke of the battle has cleared away from the field—that these causes have begun to stand revealed in their true proportions.

First, and most obvious, although not most important, was the weight of authority arrayed against the scheme. The opinion and influence of leaders still count for much in English politics, probably far more than in America. We are a smaller people, where the personality of statesmen can more easily become familiar to the electors; and the system of our Government, which requires not only the Ministry but the chiefs of both parties to be constantly addressing the nation through Parliament, as well as at public meetings, keeps them always before the eye and ear of the country, disposing it to seek guidance from them. Now, the two most eminent leaders of the moderate Liberal, or, as it is often called, Whig, party, Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen, both declared against the bill, and put forth

all their oratory and influence against it. At the opposite extremity of the party, Mr. John Bright, the veteran and honored leader of the Radicals, Mr. Chamberlain, the younger and latterly more active and prominent chief of that large section, took up the same position of hostility. Scarcely less important was the attitude of the social magnates of the Liberal party all over the country. Although of late years many of the great Whig land-owning families have gone over to the Tory party, although the tendency among wealthy financiers, manufacturers, merchants, and railroad men is strongly in the same direction, there had still remained on the Liberal side a fair proportion of the landed nobility and aristocracy, as well as of the capitalists. Most of these men, of great influence over their tenants and neighbors in the country, over their workpeople in the towns—I speak of legitimate influence, for there is in this case no charge of unfair pressure—sided with Lord Hartington and threw their weight into the anti-Irish scale. As, at the preceding general election, in December, 1885, the Liberals had obtained a majority of less than a hundred over the Tories, a defection such as this was quite enough to involve their defeat. Probably the name of Mr. Bright alone turned the issue in some twenty constituencies, which might otherwise have cast a Home Rule vote.

The mention of this cause, however, throws us back on the further question, Why was there such a weight of authority against the scheme proposed by Mr. Gladstone? How came so many of his former colleagues, friends, supporters to differ and depart from him on this occasion? Besides some circumstances attending the production of the bill, to which I shall refer presently, and which told heavily against it, there were three feelings which worked upon men's minds, disposing them to reject it.

The first of these was dislike and fear of the Irish Nationalist members. In the previous House of Commons this party had been uniformly and bitterly hostile to the Liberal Government. Measures intended for the good of Ireland, like the Land Act of 1881, had been ungraciously received, treated as concessions extorted, for which no thanks were due—inadequate concessions, which must be made the starting-point for fresh demands. Obstruction had been freely practised to defeat not only bills restraining the liberty of the subject in Ireland, but many other measures. Some members of the Irish party, apparently with the approval of the rest, had systematically sought to delay all English and Scotch legislation, and, in fact,

to bring the work of Parliament to a dead stop. Much violent language had been used, even where the provocation was slight. The outbreaks of crime which had repeatedly occurred in Ireland had been, not, indeed, defended, but so often either palliated or passed over in silence by Nationalist speakers, that English opinion held them practically responsible for disorders which, so it was thought, they had neither wished nor tried to prevent. (I am, of course, expressing no opinion as to the justice of this view, nor as to the excuses to be made for the parliamentary tactics of the Irish party, but merely stating how their conduct struck Englishmen.) There could be no doubt as to the hostility which they, still less as to that which their fellow-countrymen in the United States, had expressed toward England, for they had openly wished success to Russia while war seemed impending with her, and the so-called Mahdi of the Sudan was vociferously cheered at many a Nationalist meeting. At the election of 1885 they had done their utmost to defeat Liberal candidates in every English and Scotch constituency where there existed a body of Irish voters, and had thrown some twenty seats or more into the hands of the Tories. Now, to many Englishmen, the proposal to create an Irish Parliament seemed nothing more or less than a proposal to hand over to these men the government of Ireland, with all the opportunities thence arising to oppress the opposite party in Ireland and to worry England herself. It was all very well to urge that the tactics which the Nationalists had pursued when their object was to extort Home Rule would be dropped, because superfluous, when Home Rule had been granted; or to point out that an Irish Parliament would probably contain different men from those who had been sent to Westminster as Mr. Parnell's nominees. Neither of these arguments could overcome the suspicious antipathy which many Englishmen felt, nor dissolve the association in their minds between the Nationalist leaders and the forces of disorder. The Parnellites (thus they reasoned) are bad men; what they seek is therefore likely to be bad, and whether bad in itself or not, they will make a bad use of it. In such reasonings there was more of sentiment and prejudice than of reason, but sentiment and prejudice are proverbially harder than arguments to expel from minds where they have made a lodgment.

The internal condition of Ireland supplied more substantial grounds for alarm. As everybody knows, she is not, either in religion or in blood, or in feelings and ideas, a homogeneous country.

Three-fourths of the people are Roman Catholics, one-fourth Protestants, and this Protestant fourth subdivided into bodies not fond of one another, who have little community of sentiment. Besides the Scottish colony in Ulster, many English families have settled here and there through the country. They have been regarded as intruders by the aboriginal Celtic population, and many of them, although hundreds of years may have passed since they came, still look on themselves as rather English than Irish. The last fifty years, whose wonderful changes have in most parts of the world tended to unite and weld into one compact body the inhabitants of each part of the earth's surface, connecting them by the ties of commerce, and of a far easier and swifter intercourse than was formerly possible, have in Ireland worked in the opposite direction. It has become more and more the habit of the richer class in Ireland to go to England for its enjoyment, and to feel itself socially rather English than Irish. Thus the chasm between the immigrants and the aborigines has grown deeper. The upper class has not that Irish patriotism which they showed in the days of the national Irish Parliament (1782-1800), and while there is thus less of a common national feeling to draw rich and poor together, the strife of landlords and tenants has continued, irritating the minds of both parties, and gathering them into two hostile camps. As everybody knows, the Nationalist agitation has been intimately associated with the Land agitation, has, in fact, found its chief motive-force in the desire of the tenants to have their rents reduced, and themselves secured against eviction. Now, many people in England assumed that an Irish Parliament would be under the control of the tenants and the humbler class generally, and would therefore be hostile to the landlords. They went farther, and made the much bolder assumption that as such a Parliament would be chosen by electors, most of whom were Roman Catholics, it would be under the control of the Catholic priesthood, and hostile to Protestants. Thus they supposed that the grant of self-government to Ireland would mean the abandonment of the upper and wealthier class, the landlords and the Protestants, to the tender mercies of their enemies. Such abandonment, it was proclaimed on a thousand platforms, would be disgraceful in itself, dishonoring to England, a betrayal of the very men who had stood by her in the past, and were prepared to stand by her in the future, if only she would stand by them. It was, of course, replied by the defenders of the Home Rule Bill, that what

the so-called English party in Ireland really stood by was their own ascendancy over the Irish masses—an oppressive ascendancy, which had caused most of the disorders of the country while as to religion, there were many Protestants besides Mr. Parnell himself among the Nationalist leaders. There was no ill-feeling (except in Ulster) between Protestants and Roman Catholics in Ireland. There was no reason to expect that either the Catholic hierarchy or the priesthood generally would be supreme in an Irish Parliament, and much reason to expect the contrary. As regards Ulster, where, no doubt, there were special difficulties, due to the bitter antagonism of the Orangemen (not of the Protestants generally) and Catholics, Mr. Gladstone had undertaken to consider any special provisions which could be suggested as proper to meet those difficulties. These replies, however, made little impression. They seemed to be too hypothetical or too fine-drawn. The fact stood out that in Ireland two hostile factions had been contending for the last sixty years, and that the gift of self-government might enable one of them to tyrannize over the other. True, that party was the majority, and, according to the principles of democratic government, therefore entitled to prevail. But it is one thing to admit a principle and another to consent to its application. The minority had the sympathy of the upper classes in England, because the minority contained the landlords. It had the sympathy of a large part of the middle class, because it contained the Protestants. And of those Englishmen who were impartial as between the Irish factions, there were many who held that England must in any case remain responsible for the internal peace and the just government of Ireland, and could not grant powers whose possession would tempt the one party to injustice, and the other to resist injustice by violence.

There was another anticipation, another forecast of evils to follow, which told most of all upon English opinion. This was the notion that Home Rule was only a stage in the road to the complete separation of the two islands. The argument was conceived as follows: "The motive passions of the Irish agitation have all along been hatred toward England and a desire to make Ireland a nation, holding her independent place among the nations of the world. This design was proclaimed by the Young Irelanders of 1848 and by the Fenian rebels of 1866; it has been avowed, in intervals of candor, by the present Nationalists themselves. The grant of an Irish Parliament will stimulate rather than appease this thirst for separate

national existence. The nearer complete independence seems, the more will it be desired. Hatred to England will still be an active force, because the amount of control which England retains will irritate Irish pride, as well as limit Irish action; while all the misfortunes which may befall the new Irish Government will be blamed, not on its own imprudence, but on the English connection. And as the motives for seeking separation will remain, so the prospect of obtaining it will seem better. Agitation will have a far better vantage-ground in an Irish Parliament than it formerly had among the Irish members of a British Legislature; and if actual resistance to the Queen's authority should be attempted, it will be attempted under conditions far more favorable than the present, because the rebels will have in their hands the machinery of Irish Government, large financial resources, and a *prima facie* title to represent the will of the Irish people. As against a rebellious party in Ireland, England has now two advantages—an advantage of theory, an advantage of fact. The advantage of theory is that she does not admit Ireland to be a distinct nation, but maintains that in the United Kingdom there is but one nation, whereof some inhabit Great Britain and some Ireland. The advantage of fact is that, through her control of the constabulary, the magistrates, the courts of justice, and, in fine, the whole administrative system of Ireland, she can easily quell insurrectionary movements. By creating an Irish Parliament and Government she would strip herself of both these advantages."

These considerations told all the more upon English waverers, because they seemed, if well founded, to destroy and cut away the chief ground on which Home Rule had been advocated, viz., that it would relieve England from the constant pressure of Irish discontent and agitation, and bring about a time of tranquillity, permitting good feeling to grow up between the peoples. If Home Rule was, after all, to be nothing more than a half-way house to independence, an Irish Parliament only a means of extorting a more complete emancipation from imperial control, was it not much better to keep things as they were, and go on enduring evils, the worst of which were known already? Hence the advocates of the bill denied not the weight of the argument, but its applicability. Separation, they urged, is impossible, for it is contrary to the nature of things, which indicates that the two islands must go together. It is not desired by the Irish people, for it would injure them far more than it could possibly injure England, since Ireland finds in England the only market



for her produce, the only source whence capital flows to her. A small revolutionary party has, no doubt, conspired to obtain it. But the only sympathy they received was due to the fact that the legitimate demand of Ireland for a recognition of her national feeling and for the management of her own local affairs was contemptuously ignored by England. The concession of that demand will banish the notion even from those minds which now entertain it, whereas its continued refusal may perpetuate that alienation of feeling which is at the bottom of all the mischief, the one force that makes for separation.

It is no part of my present purpose to examine these arguments and counter arguments, but only to show what were the grounds on which a majority of the English voters pronounced against the Home Rule Bill. The reader will have observed that the issues raised were not only numerous, but full of difficulty. They were issues of fact, involving a knowledge both of the past history of Ireland and of her present state. They were also issues of inference, for even supposing the broad facts to be ascertained, these facts were susceptible of different interpretations, and men might, and did, honestly, draw opposite conclusions from them. A more obscure and complicated problem, or rather group of problems, has seldom been presented to a nation for its decision. But the nation did not possess the requisite knowledge. Closely connected as Ireland seems to be with England, long as the Irish question has been a main trouble in English politics, the English and Scottish people know amazingly little about Ireland. Even in the upper class, you meet with comparatively few persons who have set foot on Irish soil, and, of course, far fewer who have ever examined the condition of the island and the sources of her discontent. Irish history, which is, no doubt, dismal reading, is a blank page to the English. Nine months ago one found scarce any politicians who had ever heard of the Irish Parliament of 1782. To-day, an Englishman anxious to discover the real state of the country does not know where to go for information. What appears in the English newspapers, or, rather, in the one English newspaper which keeps a standing "own correspondent" in Dublin, is a grossly and almost avowedly partisan report, in which opinions are skilfully mixed with so-called facts, selected, consciously or unconsciously, to support the writer's view. The Nationalist press is, of course, not less strongly partisan on its own side, so that not merely an average Englishman, but even the editor of an English newspaper, who desires to ascer-

tain the true state of matters and place it before his English readers, has no better means at his disposal for understanding Ireland than for understanding Bulgaria. I do not dwell upon this ignorance as an argument for Home Rule, though, of course, it is often so used. I merely wish to explain the bewilderment in which Englishmen found themselves when required to settle by their votes a question of immense difficulty. Many, on both sides, simply followed their party banners. Tories voted for Lord Salisbury; thorough-going admirers of Mr. Gladstone voted for Mr. Gladstone. But there was on the Liberal side a great mass who were utterly perplexed by the position. They saw Mr. Gladstone's authority opposed by that of his most eminent former allies and lieutenants. Contradictory statements of fact, as well as contradictory arguments, were flung at their heads in distracting profusion. They felt themselves unable to determine what was true and who was right. But one thing seemed clear to them. The policy of Home Rule was a new policy. They had been accustomed to censure and oppose it. Only nine months before, the Irish Nationalists had emphasized their hostility to the Liberal party by doing their utmost to defeat Liberal candidates in English constituencies. Hence, when the word was passed that Home Rule was the true remedy which the Liberal party must accept, they were startled. They felt like the Frankish king, when the bishop bade him burn what he had adored and adore what he had burnt.

Now, the English are not a nimble-minded people. They cannot, to use a familiar metaphor, turn round in their own length. Their momentum is such as to carry them on for some distance in the direction wherein they have been moving, even after the order to stop has been given. They need time to appreciate, digest, and prehend a new proposition. Timid they are not, nor perhaps exceptionally cautious, but they do not like to be hurried, and insist on looking at a proposition for a good while before they come to a decision regarding it. As has been observed, this proposition was novel, was most serious, and raised questions which they felt that their knowledge was insufficient to determine. Accordingly, a large section of the Liberal party refused to accept it. A great number, probably the majority, of these doubtful men abstained from voting. Others voted against the Home Rule Liberal candidates, not necessarily because they condemned the policy, but because, as they were not satisfied that it was right, they deemed delay a less evil than

the committal of the nation to a new departure, which might prove irrevocable.

It must not, however, be supposed that it was only hesitation which drove many Liberals into the host arrayed against the Irish Government Bill. I have already said that among the leaders there were some, and those men of great influence, who condemned its principles. This was true also of a considerable, though a relatively smaller, section of the rank and file. And it was only what might have been expected. The proposal to undo much of the work done in 1800, to alter fundamentally the system which had for eighty-six years regulated the relations of the two islands, by setting up a Parliament in Ireland, was a proposal which not only formed no part of the accepted creed of the Liberal party, but fell outside party lines altogether. It might no doubt be argued, as was actually done, that Liberal principles recommended it, since they involve faith in the people, and faith in the curative tendency of local self-government. But this was by no means axiomatic. Taking the whole complicated facts of the case, and taking Liberalism as it had been practically understood in England, a man might be a good Liberal and yet think that the true interests of both peoples would be best served by maintaining the existing parliamentary system. Similarly, there was nothing in Toryism or Tory principles to prevent a fair-minded and patriotic Tory from approving the Home Rule scheme. It was a return to the older institutions of the monarchy, and not inconsistent with any of the doctrines which the Tory party had been accustomed to uphold. The question, in short, was one of those which cut across ordinary party lines, creating new divisions among politicians; and there might have been and ought to have been Liberal Home Rulers and Tory Home Rulers, Liberal opponents of Home Rule and Tory opponents of Home Rule.

But here comes in a feature, a natural but none the less a regrettable feature, of the English party system. As the object of the party in opposition is to turn out the party in power and seat itself in their place, every Opposition regards with the strongest prejudice the measures proposed by a ruling Ministry. Cases sometimes occur where these measures are so obviously necessary, or so evidently approved by the nation, that the Opposition accepts them. But in general it scans them with a hostile eye. Human nature is human nature; and when the defeat of Government can be secured by defeating a Government bill, the temptation to the Opposition to

secure it is irresistible. Now, the Tory party is far more cohesive than the Liberal party, far more obedient to its leaders, far less disposed to break into sections, each of which thinks and acts for itself. Accordingly, that division of opinion in the Tory party which might have been expected, and which would have occurred if those who composed the Tory party had been merely so many reflecting men, and not members of a closely compacted political organization, did not occur. Liberals were divided, as such a question would naturally divide them. Tories were not divided: they threw their whole strength against the bill. I am far from suggesting that they did so against their consciences. Whatever may be said as to two or three of the leaders, whose previous language and conduct have been thought to indicate that they would themselves, had the election of 1885 gone differently, have been inclined to a Home Rule policy, most of the Tory chiefs, as well as the great mass of the party, honestly disapproved Mr. Gladstone's measure. But their party motives and party affiliations gave it little chance of an impartial verdict at their hands. They went into the jury-box with an invincible prepossession against the scheme of their opponents. When all these difficulties are duly considered, and especially when regard is had to those which I have last enumerated, the suddenness with which the new policy was launched, and the fact that as coming from one party it was sure beforehand of the hostility of the other, no surprise can be felt at its fate. Those who, in England, now look back over the spring and summer of 1886 are rather surprised that it should come so near succeeding. To have been rejected by a majority of only thirty in Parliament, and of little over ten per cent. of the total number of electors at the general election, is a defeat far less severe than any one who knew England would have predicted.

That the decision of the country is regarded by nobody as a final decision goes without saying. This is not because the majority was comparatively small, for a smaller majority the other way would have been conclusive. It is because the country had not time enough for full consideration and deliberate judgment. The bill was brought in on April 14th, the elections began on July 1st; no one can say what might have been the result of a long discussion, during which the first feelings of alarm (for alarm there was) might have worn off. And the decision is without finality, also, because the decision of the country was merely against the particular plan proposed by Mr. Gladstone, and not in favor of any alternative plan. One particular

solution of the Irish problem was refused. The problem still stands confronting us, and when other modes of solving it have been in turn rejected, the country may come back to this mode.

We may now turn from the past to the future. Yet the account which has been given of the feelings and ideas arrayed against the bill does not wholly belong to the past. They are the feelings to which the opponents of any plan of self-government for Ireland still appeal, and which will have to be removed or softened down before it can be accepted by the English. In particular, the probability of separation, and the supposed dangers to the Protestants and the landlords from an Irish parliament, will continue to form the themes of controversy so long as the question remains unsettled.

What are the prospects of its settlement? What is the position which it now occupies? How has it affected the current politics of England?

It has broken up the Liberal party. The vast numerical majority of that party supported, and still supports, Mr. Gladstone and the policy of Irish self-government. But the dissentient minority includes many men of influence, and constitutes in the House of Commons a body of about seventy-three members, who hold the balance between parties. For the present they are leagued with the Tory Ministry to resist Home Rule, and their support insures a parliamentary majority to that Ministry. But it is, of course, necessary for them to rally to Lord Salisbury, not only on Irish questions, but on all questions, for, under our English system, a Ministry defeated on any serious issue is bound to resign, or dissolve Parliament. Now, to maintain an alliance for a special purpose, between members of opposite parties, is a hard matter. Agreement about Ireland does not, of itself, help men to agree about foreign policy, or bimetallism, or free trade, or changes in land laws, or ecclesiastical affairs. When these and other grave questions come up in Parliament, the Tory Ministry and their Liberal allies must, on every occasion, negotiate a species of concordat, whereby the liberty of both will be fettered. One party may wish to resist innovation, the other to yield to it, or even to anticipate it. Each will have to forego something in order to humor the other: neither will have the pleasure or the credit of taking a bold line on its own responsibility. There is, no doubt, less difference between the respective tenets of the great English parties than there was twenty years ago, when Mr. Disraeli had not yet completed the education of one party, and economic laws were still

revered by the other. But, besides its tenets, each party has its tendencies, its sympathies, its moral atmosphere; and these differ so widely as to make the co-operation of Tories and Liberals constrained and cumbrous. Moreover, there are the men to be considered, the leaders on each side, whose jealousies, rivalries, suspicions, personal incompatibilities, neither old habits of joint action nor corporate party feeling exist to soften. On the whole, therefore, it is unlikely that the league of these two parties, united for one question only, and that a question which will pass into new phases, can be durable. Either it will dissolve, or the smaller party will be absorbed into the larger. In England, as in America, third parties rarely last. The attraction of the larger mass is irresistible, and when the crisis which created it has passed, or the opinion it advocates has been either generally discredited or generally adopted, the small party melts away, its older members disappearing from public life, its younger ones finding their career in the ranks of one of the two great standing armies of politics. If the dissentient, or anti-Home-Rule, Liberal party lives till the next general election, it can scarcely live longer, for at that election it will, according to all present probabilities, be ground between the upper and nether millstones of the regular Liberals and the regular Tories.

The Irish struggle of 1886 has had another momentous consequence. It has brought the Nationalist or Parnellite party into friendly relations with the mass of English Liberals. When the Home Rule party was founded by Mr. Butt, some fifteen years ago, it had more in common with the Liberal than with the Tory party. But as it demanded what both English parties were resolved to refuse, it was forced into antagonism to both; and from 1877 onward (Mr. Butt being then dead) the antagonism became bitter, and, of course, specially bitter as toward the statesmen in power, because it was they who continued to refuse what the Nationalists sought. Mr. Parnell has always stated, with perfect candor, that he and his friends must fight for their own land unhampered by English alliances, and getting the most they could for Ireland from the weakness of either English party. This position they still retain. If the Tory party will give them Home Rule, they will help the Tory party. However, as the Tory party has just gained office by opposing Home Rule, this contingency does not lie within the near future. On the other hand, the Gladstonian Liberals have lost office for their advocacy of Home Rule, and now stand pledged to

help the Nationalists to obtain it. The latter have, therefore, for the first time since the days immediately following the Union of A.D. 1800 (a measure which the Whigs of those days resisted), a great English party admitting the justice of their claim, and inviting them to agitate for it by purely constitutional methods. For such an alliance the English Liberals are hotly reproached, both by the Tories and by the dissentients who follow Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain. They are accused of disloyalty to England. The past acts and words of the Nationalists are thrown in their teeth, and they are told that in supporting the Irish claim they condone such acts, they adopt such words. They reply by denying the adoption, and by pointing out that the Tories themselves were from 1881 till 1886 in a practical, though unavowed, parliamentary alliance with the Nationalists in the House of Commons. The student of history will, however, conceive that the Liberals have a stronger and higher defence than any *tu quoque*. Issues that involve the welfare of peoples are far too serious for us to apply to them the same sentiments of personal taste and predilection which we follow in inviting a dinner party, or selecting companions for a vacation tour. If a man has abused your brother, or got drunk in the street, you do not ask him to go with you to the Yellowstone Park. But his social offences do not prevent you from siding with him in a convention. So, in politics itself, one must distinguish between characters and opinions. If a man has shown himself unscrupulous or headstrong, you may properly refuse to vote him into office, or to sit in the same Cabinet with him, because you think these faults of his dangerous to the country. But if the cause he pleads be a just one, you have no more right to be prejudiced against it by his conduct than a judge has to be swayed by dislike to the counsel who argues a case. There were moderate men in America, who, in the days of the anti-slavery movement, cited against it the intemperate language of many abolitionists. There were aristocrats in England, who, during the struggle for the freedom and unity of Italy, sought to discredit the patriotic party by accusing them of tyrannicide. But the sound sense of both nations refused to be led away by such arguments, because it held those two causes to be in their essence righteous. In all revolutionary movements there are elements of excess and violence, which sober men may regret, but which must not disturb our judgment as to the substantial merits of an issue. The revolutionist of one generation is, like Garibaldi or Mazzini, the hero

of the next ; and the verdict of posterity applauds those who, even in his own day, were able to discern the justice of the cause under the errors or vices of its champion. Doubly is it the duty of a great and far-sighted statesman not to be repelled by such errors, when he can, by espousing a revolutionary movement, purify it of its revolutionary character, and turn it into a legitimate constitutional struggle. This is what Mr. Gladstone has done. And I am the more anxious to bring this aspect of the case before American readers, because they may be not unnaturally disposed, as so many of us in England are, to let their views of the issue be colored by their disapproval of the past tactics of the Nationalist party. If Mr. Gladstone's policy be in itself dangerous and disloyal to the true interests of the people of our islands, let it be condemned. But if it be the policy which has the best promise for the peace, the prosperity, and the mutual good-will of those peoples, he and those who follow him would be culpable indeed were they to be deterred by the condemnation which they have so often expressed, and which they still express, for the conduct of a particular party, from declaring that the aims of that party were substantially right aims, and from now pressing upon the country what their conscience approves.

However, as the Home Rule Liberals and Nationalists, taken together, are in a minority in the present Parliament, it is not from them that fresh proposals are expected. They will, of course, continue to speak, write, and agitate on behalf of the views they hold. But the next practical attempt to deal with Irish troubles must come from the Tory Ministry ; for in the English system of government those who command a parliamentary majority are responsible for legislation as well as administration, and are censured not merely if their legislation is bad, but if it is not forthcoming when events call for it.

Why, it may be asked, should Lord Salisbury's Government burn its fingers over Ireland, as so many governments have burnt their fingers before ? Why not let Ireland alone, giving to foreign affairs and to English and Scottish reforms all the attention which these too much neglected matters need ?

Well would it be for England, as well as for English ministries, if Ireland could be simply let alone, her maladies left to be healed by the soft, slow hand of nature. But Irish troubles call aloud to be dealt with, and that promptly. They stand in the way of all other reforms, indeed, of all other business. Letting alone has been tried, and it has succeeded no better, even in times less urgent than the



present, than the usual policy of coercion followed by concession, or concession followed by coercion.

There are three aspects of the Irish question, three channels by which the troubles of the "distressful island" stream down upon us, forcing whoever now rules or may come to rule in England to attempt some plan for dealing with them. I will take them in succession.

The first is the parliamentary difficulty. In the British House of Commons, with its six hundred and seventy members, there are nearly ninety Irish Nationalists. They are a well-disciplined body, voting as one man, though capable of speaking enough for a thousand. They have no interest in English or Scotch or colonial or Indian affairs, but only in Irish, and look upon the vote which they have the right of giving upon the former solely as a means of furthering their own Irish aims. They are therefore in the British Parliament not merely a foreign body, indifferent to the great British and imperial issues confided to it, but a hostile body, opposed to its present Constitution, seeking to discredit it in its authority over Ireland, and to make more and more palpable and incurable the incompetence for Irish business whereof they accuse it. Several modes of doing this are open to them. They may, as some of the more actively bitter among them did in the Parliaments of 1874 and 1880, obstruct business by long and frequent speeches, dilatory motions, and all those devices which in America are called filibustering. The House of Commons may, no doubt, try to check these tactics by more stringent rules of procedure, but the attempts already made in this direction have not succeeded, and every restriction of debate, since it trenches on the freedom of English and Scotch no less than of Irish members, injures Parliament as a whole. They may disgust the British people with the House of Commons by keeping it (as they have done in former years) so constantly occupied with Irish business as to leave it little time for English and Scotch measures. They may throw the weight of their collective vote into the scale of one or other British party according to the amount of concession it will make to them, or, by always voting against the Ministry of the day, they may cause frequent and sudden changes of Government. This plan also they have followed in time past; for the moment it is not so applicable, because the Tories and dissentient Liberals, taken together, possess a majority in the House of Commons. But at any moment the alliance of those two sections may vanish, or

another general election may leave Tories and Liberals so nearly balanced that the Irish vote could turn the scale. Whoever reflects on the nature of Parliamentary Government will perceive that it is based on the assumption that the members of the ruling assembly, however much they may differ on other subjects, agree in desiring the strength, dignity, and welfare of the assembly itself, and in caring for the main national interests which it controls. He will therefore be prepared to expect countless and multiform difficulties in working such a Government, where a large section of the assembly seeks not to use, but to abuse, its forms and rules—not to preserve, but to lower and destroy, its honor, its credit, its efficiency. In vain are Irish members blamed for these tactics, for they answer that the interests of their own country require them to seek first her welfare, which can in their view be secured only by removing her from the direct control of what they deem a foreign assembly. Now that they have obtained the sympathy of the bulk of English Liberals, they are unlikely forthwith to resume the systematic obstruction of past years. But they will be able, without alienating their English friends, to render the conduct of parliamentary business so difficult that every English Ministry will be forced either to crush them, if it can, or to appease them by a series of concessions.

The second difficulty is that of maintaining social order in Ireland. What that difficulty is, and whence it arises, every one knows. It is chronic, but every second or third winter, when there has been a wet season, or the price of live stock declines, it becomes specially acute. The tenants refuse to pay rents which they declare to be impossible. The landlords, or the harsher among them, try to enforce rents by evictions; evictions are resisted by outrages and boycotting. Popular sentiment supports those who commit outrages, because it considers the tenantry to be engaged in a species of war, a righteous war, against the landlord. Evidence can seldom be obtained, and juries acquit in the teeth of evidence. Thus the enforcement of the law strains all the resources of authority, while a habit of lawlessness and discontent is transmitted from generation to generation. Of the remedies proposed for this chronic evil the most obvious is the strengthening of the criminal law. We have been trying this for more than one hundred years, since Whiteboyism appeared, and trying it in vain. Since the Union, coercion acts, of more or less severity, have been almost always in force in Ireland, passed for two or three years, then dropped for a year or

two, then renewed in a form slightly varying, but always with the same result of driving the disease in for a time, but not curing it. Mr. Gladstone proposed to buy out the landlords and then leave an Irish Parliament to restore social order, with that authority which it would derive from having the will of the people behind it; because he held that when the people felt the law to be of their own making, and not imposed from without, their sentiment would be enlisted on its side, and the necessity for a firm Government recognized. This plan has, however, been rejected, so the choice is left of a fresh coercion act, or of some scheme, necessarily a costly scheme, for getting rid of the source of trouble by transferring the land of Ireland to the peasantry. For the moment things are comparatively quiet, because the present Government, which has far more influence with the Tory landlords than any Liberal Government can possess, is doing its best to persuade the landlords to accept reduced rents, while the Nationalist leaders, on their side, are believed to be trying to restrain the people. But the armistice cannot last. The Ministry must propose something, and their proposal will raise the Irish problem in its entirety.

There remains the question of a reform of local government. For many years past, every English Ministry has undertaken to frame a measure creating a new system of popular rural self-government in England. It is the first large task of domestic legislation which we ask from Parliament. When such a scheme is proposed, can Ireland be left out of it? Should she be left out, the argument that she is being treated unequally and unfairly, as compared with England, would gain immense force; because the present local government of Ireland is admittedly less popular, less efficient, altogether less defensible than even that of England which we are going to reform. If, therefore, the theory that the Imperial Parliament is both anxious and able to do its duty by Ireland is to be maintained, Ireland too must have her scheme of local government. And a scheme of local government is a large project, the discussion of which must pass into a discussion of the government of the island as a whole.

Since, then, we may conclude that whatever Ministry is in power will be bound to take up the state of Ireland—since Parliament and the nation will be occupied with the subject during the coming sessions fully as much as they have been during those that have recently passed—the next inquiry is, what will the tendency of

opinion and legislation be? Will the reasons and forces described above bring us to Home Rule? and if so, when, how, and why?

There are grounds for overruling these questions in the negative. A majority of the House of Commons, including the present Ministry and such influential Liberals as Mr. Bright, Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, stand pledged to resist it. But this ground is less strong than it may appear. We have had too many changes of opinion—ay, and of action too—upon Irish affairs, not to be prepared for further changes. A Ministry in power learns much which an Opposition fails to learn. Home Rule is an elastic expression, and some of those who were loudest in denouncing Mr. Gladstone's bill will find it easy to explain, should they bring in a bill of their own for giving self-government to Ireland, that their measure is a different thing, and free from the objections brought against his. Now, if such a conversion should come, need it be deemed a dishonest one? for events are potent teachers, and governments now seek rather to follow than to form opinion. Although a decent interval must be allowed, no one will be astonished if the Tory leaders should move ere long in the direction indicated. Toryism itself, as has been remarked already, contains nothing opposed to the idea.

Far greater obstacles exist in the aversion which (as already observed) so many Englishmen of both parties entertain for any scheme which should seem to leave the Protestant minority at the mercy of the peasant and Roman Catholic majority, and to carry us some way toward the ultimate separation of the islands. These alarms are genuine and deep seated. One who (like the present writer) thinks them overstrained is, of course, disposed to think that they may be allayed. But time must first pass, and the plan that is to allay them may have to be framed on somewhat different lines from those of Mr. Gladstone's measure. It is even possible, though happily not probable, that a conflict more sharp and painful than any of recent years may intervene before a settlement is reached.

Nevertheless, great as are the obstacles in the way, bitter as are the reproaches with which Mr. Gladstone is pursued by the upper classes in England, there is good reason to believe that the current is setting toward his policy. In proceeding to state the grounds for this view, I must frankly own that I am no longer (as in most of the preceding pages) merely setting forth facts on which impartial men

in England would agree. The forecast which I seek to give may be tinged by my own belief that the grant of self-government is the best, if not the only method, now open to us of establishing peace between the islands, relieving the English Parliament of work it is ill fitted to discharge, allowing Ireland opportunities to learn those lessons in politics which her people so much need. The future, even the near future, is more than usually dim. Yet, if we examine those three branches of the Irish question which have been enumerated above, we shall see how naturally, in each of them, the concession of self-government seems to open, I will not say the most direct, but the least dangerous way, out of our troubles.

The parliamentary difficulty arises from the fact that the representatives of Ireland have the feelings of foreigners sitting in a foreign assembly, whose honors and usefulness they do not desire. While these are their feelings they cannot work properly in it, and it cannot work properly with them. The inconvenience may be endured, but the English will grow tired of it, and be disposed to rid themselves of it, if they see their way to do so without greater mischief. The experience of the Parliament of 1880, which was mainly occupied with Irish business, and began, being a strongly Liberal Parliament, with a bias toward the Irish popular party, showed how difficult it is for a House of Commons which is ignorant of Ireland to legislate wisely for it. In the House of Lords there is not a single Nationalist; indeed, up till last February, that exalted chamber contained only one peer, Lord Dalhousie (formerly member for Liverpool) who had ever said a word in favor of Home Rule. The more that England becomes sensible, as she must become sensible, of the deficiencies of the present machinery for appreciating the needs and giving effect to the wishes of Irishmen, the more disposed will she be to grant them some machinery of their own.

As regards social order, I have shown that the choice which lies before the opponents of Home Rule is either to resume the policy of coercing the peasantry by severe special legislation, or to remove the source of friction by buying out the landlords for the benefit of the tenants. The adoption of the latter alternative, which the present Ministry will prefer, if Parliament consents to provide the money (it must be advanced on very easy terms, in order to induce the tenants to buy), would remove one of the chief objections to an Irish Parliament, by leaving no estates for such a Parliament to confiscate. The former has become more and more odious to the English

democracy. They dislike severity; they dislike the inequality involved in passing harsher laws for Ireland than those that apply to England and Scotland. Fresh coercion acts may, perhaps, be passed, if disorder should be rife in Ireland; but it will be far more difficult to pass them, and the recoil afterward will be more violent than in former days. The wish to discover some other course will be very strong, and the obvious other course will be to leave it to an Irish authority to enforce social order in its own way—probably a more rough-and-ready way than that of British officials. The notion which has possessed most Englishmen, that Irish self-government would be another name for anarchy, is curiously erroneous. Conflicts there may be, but a vigorous rule will emerge.

Lastly, as to local government. If a popular system is established in Ireland—one similar to that which it is proposed to establish in England—the control of its assemblies and officials will, over four-fifths of the island, fall into Nationalist hands. Their power will be enormously increased, for they will then command the machinery of administration, and the power of taxing. What with taxing landlords, aiding recalcitrant tenants, stopping the wheels of any central authority which may displease or oppose them, they will be in so strong a position that the creation of an Irish Parliament may appear to be a comparatively small further step, may even appear (as the wisest Nationalists now think it would prove) in the light of a check upon the abuse of local powers. These eventualities would, no doubt, when English opinion has realized them, make Parliament pause before it committed rural local government to the Irish democracy. But it could not refuse to do something; and if it tried to restrain popular representative bodies by the veto of a bureaucracy in Dublin, there would arise occasions for quarrel and irritation more serious than now exist. Those who once begin to repair an old and tottering building are led on, little by little, into changes they did not at starting contemplate. So it will be if once the task is undertaken of reforming the confessedly bad and indefensible system of Irish administration. We may stop at some half-way house on the way, but Home Rule stands at the end of the road.

Supposing, then, that the Nationalist party, retaining its present strength and unity, perseveres in its present demands, there is a fair prospect that these demands will be granted. But will it persevere? It may break up, as such parties have broken up before. It may

lose hope and wither away. Or the support of the Irish peasantry may be withdrawn—a result which some English politicians expect from a final settlement of the Land question in the interest of the tenants. Any of these contingencies is possible, but at present hardly probable. The moment when long-cherished aims begin to seem attainable is not that at which men are disposed to abandon them.

There are, however, other reasons which suggest the likelihood of a change in English sentiment on the whole matter. The surprise with which the bill of last April was received is wearing off. The alarm may wear off, too. John Bull set his teeth at the notion of a surrender to the Parnellites and their Irish-American allies, for it was in the light of a surrender that the bill struck him. Now that he has relieved his temper by an emphatic No, he will begin to ponder things more calmly. He will listen to the arguments from Irish history that are to be addressed to him. He will be moved by the solid grounds of policy which that history suggests, will understand that what he has deemed insensate hatred is the natural result of long misgovernment, and will disappear with time and the removal of its causes. Many of the best minds of both nations will be at work to discover some method of reconciling Irish self-government with imperial supremacy and union open to fewer objections than those brought against the late bill. It is reasonable to expect that they may greatly improve upon that measure, which was prepared under pressure from a clamorous Opposition. What Mr. Disraeli once called the historical conscience of the country will appreciate those great underlying principles to which Mr. Gladstone's policy appeals. It has been accused of being a policy of despair: and may have commended itself to some who supported it as being simply a means of ridding England of responsibility. But to others it seemed, and more truly, a policy of faith, not, indeed, of thoughtless optimism, but of faith according to the definition which calls it "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Faith, by which nations as well as men must live, means nothing less than a conviction that great principles, permanent truths of human nature, lie at the bottom of all sound politics, and ought to be boldly and consistently applied, even when temporary difficulties surround their application. Such a principle is the belief in the power of freedom and self-government to cure the faults of a nation, in the tendency of responsibility to teach wisdom and make

men see that justice and order are the sources of prosperity. Such a principle is the perception that national hatreds do not live on of themselves, but will expire when oppression has ceased, as a fire burns out without fuel. Such a principle is the recognition of the force of national sentiment, and of the duty of allowing it so much satisfaction as is compatible with the maintenance of imperial unity. Such, again, is the appreciation of those natural economic laws which show that nations, when disturbing passions have ceased, follow their own permanent interests, and that an island which finds its chief market in England and draws its capital from England will prefer a connection with England to the poverty and insignificance of isolation. It is the honor of Mr. Gladstone to have built his policy of conciliation upon such principles as these, as upon a rock; and already the good effects are seen in the new friendliness which has arisen between the English masses and the people of Ireland, in the better temper with which, despite the acrimony of some prominent politicians, the relations of the two peoples are discussed. When one looks round the horizon it is still dark, nor can it be said from which quarter fair weather will arrive. But the air is fresher, and the clouds are breaking overhead.

JAMES BRYCE.



## GENERAL McCLELLAN.\*

MCCLELLAN was the first to show appreciation of the qualities of his enemies. This respect for his adversaries (an essential quality in a great military commander) was in him the result of old personal intimacies with some of them, but, still more, the result of a keen sense of justice joined to a mild firmness of character and temperance of spirit; and in setting an example in this to others he accomplished a brilliant stroke of policy—he prepared the Army of the Potomac to appreciate Grant's generosity at Appomattox Court-House. And a most beautiful recompense of his conduct is found in the presence among the pall-bearers who escorted him to his last resting-place the strong adversary of other days, gloriously wounded at "Seven Pines," the Confederate General Joseph E. Johnston.

Any one, either in the North or the South, who, inspired with the gift of prophecy, should have ventured, in September, 1861, to pre-  
sage the possibility of such an event as this taking place in the reconstructed Union, would have run the risk of being stoned to death. The States loyal to the Union cause still trembled under the terrible blow dealt by Johnston and Beauregard but a few weeks before, on the banks of Bull Run. Their first illusions had been rudely dissipated; but no one then realized the magnitude of the conflict that was to ensue, nor the sacrifices that must be made to secure victory. Only a few old officers of the regular army, like McClellan, appreciated the determination and endurance of those who were looked on only as rebels. Indeed, I shall surprise no citizen of the United States who had attained manhood at the breaking out of the civil war, in affirming that the North and the South, although united by the common bonds of blood, history, and political life, were yet strangers to each other. Singular fatality! a bloody duel was inevitable before these two factions of the people should become acquainted. The North, finding itself commercially related to the whole world, feeling the rapid growth of its material resources, and understanding

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that the power of the United States depended on "the Union," sincerely believed that the South, too, shared its almost religious veneration for the federal compact. Democrats and Republicans alike believed their brothers of the South to be incapable of an attempt to destroy it. The Southerners, on their part, separated from the men of the North by that social abyss, the institution of slavery, and meeting them only at Washington—in other words, only on the field of political conflict—accepted seriously the caricature of "the Yankee," as depicted in the comic journals of the period; they thought him incapable of leaving his counting-room, or of sacrificing his money, his time, and his life in the service of a national cause. The old West Pointers, almost alone of all, knew each other well.

No one has denied that McClellan was a marvellous organizer. Every veteran of the Army of the Potomac will be able to recall that extraordinary time, when the people of the North devoting all its native energy and spirit of initiative to the raising of enormous levies of future combatants, and to their military equipment, battalions, squadrons of cavalry and batteries of artillery, sprung, as it were, from the earth in a night, poured in from all sides upon the barren wastes of vacant building-lots that then went to the making up of fully three-quarters of the federal capital.

It was in the midst of this herculean task of organization that two French *aides-de-camp* were assigned to duty as military *attachés* on McClellan's staff. His brilliant operations in Western Virginia against Lee—who had not yet revealed the full extent of his military genius, and whom McClellan was destined to find again in his front but a year later—the successes of Laurel Hill and Rich Mountain, gave evidence of what might be expected of the inexperienced troops placed in McClellan's hands. He had already shown rare strategic ability, and the President had confided to him the task of creating the Army of the Potomac from the disorganized bands who had fallen back on Washington under the brave and unfortunate McDowell. Surrounded for the most part by young officers, he was himself the most youthful of us all, not only by reason of his physical vigor, the vivacity of his impressions, the noble candor of his character, and his glowing patriotism, but, I may even add, by his inexperience of men. His military bearing breathed a spirit of frankness, benevolence, and firmness. His look was piercing, his voice gentle; the word of command clear and definite, his temper equable. His encouragement was almost affectionate, his reprimand couched in terms

of perfect politeness. Discreet, as a military or political chief should be, he was slow in bestowing his confidence; but, once given, it was never withdrawn. Himself perfectly loyal to his friends, he knew how to inspire others with an absolute devotion.

Unfortunately for him, McClellan succeeded too quickly and too soon to the command of the principal army of the republic. His lieutenants were as new to the work as he—they had not been tested. Public opinion in the army itself—a judge all the more relentless for the very reason that discipline gives it no opportunity to express itself—had as yet been able neither to pronounce on them, nor to ratify the preferences of the general-in-chief. Paradoxical as it may seem, would it not really have been better could McClellan have received a check at first, as Grant did at Belmont, rather than to have begun with the brilliant campaign in West Virginia which won for him the *sobriquet* of "The Young Napoleon"? Just at the time when I joined his staff the exacting confidence of the people and the Government was laying on him an almost superhuman task. In forging the puissant weapon which, later, snatched from his grasp, was destined, in the hands of the Great Hammerer, to bray the army of Lee, he acquired an imperishable title to the gratitude of his compatriots. He wrought, will it be said, for the glory of his successors? No! He labored for his country, even as the private soldier who dies for her, with no thought of fame. In order to give to his weapon every perfection, he soon learned to resist the impatient solicitations of both the people and the Government.

At the end of September, 1861, McClellan, yet under the orders of General Scott, represented the ardent and impatient spirit of men chafing at the slowness of a chief whose faculties had been chilled by the infirmities of age. Nevertheless, his first care was to place the capital beyond all peradventure of being carried by sudden attack; on the one hand, for the sake of reassuring the inhabitants and the political organism within its limits; and, on the other, that the army might be at liberty to act independently when it should be called to the field, leaving a sufficient garrison only to secure the defence of the city. He knew that an army tied up about a place it has to protect is virtually paralyzed. The events of 1870 have only too fully confirmed this view. An engineer of distinction, McClellan himself devised in all its details the system of defensive works from Alexandria to Georgetown. He gave his daily personal supervision to the execution of this work, alternating out-door activity with office

business. Tireless in the saddle, he was equally indefatigable with the pen. Possessed of a methodical and exact mind, he comprehended the organization of his army in every minute detail. The creation of all the material of war necessary to its existence and action was extraordinary proof of the wonderful readiness of the Americans in an emergency. Hordes of politicians "put in an appearance" at headquarters, in the guise of friends, advisers, or to ask favors.

McClellan, though enrolled openly as one of the Democratic party, had not till now allowed his adherents to compromise him in any way, and found himself, *ex officio*, in close personal relations with a large number of Republican leaders. I do not remember, however, to have met in his company my illustrious and excellent friend, Charles Sumner. Of all his associates, the most benevolent, the most modest in bearing, was he whom history will celebrate above the rest, Abraham Lincoln; "honest old Abe," as the soldiers affectionately called him. Can I ever forget those evenings when, restless and preoccupied with expectation of important news, Lincoln would walk over from the White House, and, not finding the general, perhaps, would sit among us pleasantly with his never-failing good-humor, and tell one of those characteristic stories he knew so well how to barb with clever irony!

But the season advanced. The army was being formed. At the end of September the enemy had fallen back on Fairfax Court-House, bequeathing to us at Munson's Hill a few Quaker guns of logs and pasteboard. The time for action seemed to have come. The rigors of winter in Virginia hardly make themselves felt before the beginning of December. By the 17th of October the enemy had again retreated. The Army of the Potomac replied with a commensurate advance. But this was a *faux pas*. The blunder was consummated at Ball's Bluff. McClellan's orders had been given in entire ignorance of the topography of the environs of Edward's Ferry (all the maps being inexact) and of the force of the enemy in front of Leesburg. In fact, at that time the organization of the secret service was entirely insufficient to the occasion, in spite of the praiseworthy efforts of Mr. Allan Pinkerton. McClellan had established McCall's division beyond Drainesville, and believed it to be within supporting distance of Baker's brigade. The latter had been crushed on the 21st, before any one on the left bank of the Potomac knew of his fate. This disaster, unimportant

of itself, led to the most acrimonious recrimination. It proved, above all, how slight and imperfect were the connections between the head of the army and the parts he was called on to manœuvre. On that day a fatal hesitation took possession of McClellan. If he did not then decide to postpone the campaign till the following spring, his conduct of affairs was such as soon to leave him no alternative except recourse to this lamentable necessity. Shortly thereafter a great change came over the military situation: a change which should have encouraged him to the promptest offensive action, but which, unfortunately for him, produced only a directly contrary result.

On the evening of November 1st the whole political world of Washington was in a flutter of agitation. It labored still under the effects of the displacement of General Fremont, guilty of having intruded upon political ground by the issue of an abolitionist proclamation. The disgrace of "*The Pathfinder*," so popular with the Western Republicans, had caused some friction in Congress, and provoked rejoicing among the numerous political enemies he counted in the Army of the Potomac, when it was learned that a measure of still graver importance had been forced on the Government. For some hours it had been known at headquarters that Scott had resigned his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the federal armies. McClellan would naturally have been designated his successor. Of great stature and a martial figure, the conqueror of Mexico joined to his physical advantages rare military and diplomatic attainments. He had known how to conquer Mexico without suffering a check; he had been able to establish a government that would warrant evacuation of the country, capable of maintaining itself without extraneous assistance, and he had secured a treaty with leonine conditions for the Americans. But age had attacked him physically and mentally. Obese and impotent, the brilliant Scott was, in 1861, but the shadow of his former self. While recognizing the services he had rendered to the republic at the explosion of the civil war, by fidelity to the Stars and Stripes in spite of his Virginian origin, the young generals reproached him with paralyzing their ardor and interfering with their projects. The President and his Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, who, through political habitude, was also a temporizer, regretted the resignation of Scott, and augured ill of the youth and rashness of McClellan. The latter, on the other hand, seemed to imagine that the withdrawal of the old warrior removed the last re-

maining obstacle which opposed the realization of his vast strategic conceptions. But, as is not seldom the case in the course of human events, both these expectations were equally mistaken. In brief, McClellan, once invested with supreme command, proved himself more of a temporizer than his predecessor, and, as will soon be seen, his premature promotion to this post was the cause of all his subsequent mortification and misfortune.

The day after (November 2d) we were at his side, mounted, and, at four o'clock in the morning, on duty to accompany to the railway station him whose place McClellan was about to occupy. As we went along every one chatted about the matter, and sought to penetrate the future and to divine the fortunes and rôle of the young general in the terrible crisis through which the republic was passing. It would have been easier to pierce the night and fog which enveloped us. An hour later McClellan was at his office. A new task of enormous proportions, whose difficulty he had not, perhaps, paused to contemplate, stared him in the face, and threatened him with destruction. Without giving him the full rank enjoyed by Scott, the President had given him full command of the armies of the republic. It should be said that he had the right to this position as the oldest major-general of the regular army. In assuming his new function he did not give up his own personal and particular direction of the Army of the Potomac. Here he was right; for he could neither have found any one to whom he might safely confide his own proper work of organization, nor could he have left the command of the first army of the republic without condemning himself to perpetual prison in the bureau at Washington.

It must be admitted, however, that his two functions were incompatible. As an old French proverb has it, "*Qui trop embrasse, mal étreint.*" When, two years later, Grant himself undertook to conduct the decisive campaign against Richmond, at the same time continuing to direct in chief all the armies of the State, not only was he surrounded by the aureole of his splendid victories and incontestable military authority, not only had a cruel experience proved to the people the necessity for concentrating the military power in the hands of one man, but the different armies Grant controlled were now confided to approved chiefs whom he could trust with perfect liberty of action, while, in case of need, he might leave at the head of the Army of the Potomac the conqueror of Gettysburg. In Washington, Halleck presided as

Chief of Staff, reduced by Grant to a subordinate function, it is true, but a function which he possessed special aptitude to fill. The situation of McClellan was different. He perceived this on the day when, entering on the campaign, he placed himself at the head of the Army of the Potomac. At first he was equal to the emergency by dint of incessant work; but he was obliged to renounce the daily routine which had served to maintain his relations with all his divisions, and had contributed to facilitate and hasten forward his schemes of organization. McClellan, confined to his office, undertook the orderly and methodical concentration of the immense number of men enrolled in the service of the republic, in the formation of his armies, and in constructing a scheme for their concerted action. General Halleck, but just then arrived in Washington, was sent to the West with extensive powers. McClellan assigned to him one of his best lieutenants, General Buell. Finally, he prepared the great naval expeditions which should give to the federal arms Port Royal, Roanoke, and New Orleans. Scarcely had he begun the work when the fact was borne in on him that the armies of the West were, as regarded materials, less well prepared for the offensive than those of the East, and as it seemed requisite that they should act together, it may be inferred that from the first days of his assuming command, the scheme of postponing till spring the operations of the Army of the Potomac was explicitly determined on. McClellan ought to have, and did, conceal from every one this resolution, the objections to which he understood better than any one. But his soldiers were not slow to comprehend; often the crowd has sagacious instincts, and may divine the calculations of even the most wary statesman. The army proved it in this case by constructing, with all the ready skill of American backwoodsmen, log-huts to protect them from the inclemencies of the season. They did well. When the snow and ice rendered military operations impossible, veritable pioneers' villages had grown up everywhere in the midst of the timber, and afforded the soldiers excellent shelter. The army had coolly taken the liberty of going into winter quarters, without consulting anybody.

The complications of foreign politics contributed their share to restrain McClellan, at a period when the season would yet have permitted him to act on the offensive. As a matter of fact, it was the 16th of November when the news reached Washington of the incident afterwards known as the *Trent* affair. . . . The capture of the Confederate Commissioners on the high seas under a neutral flag,

in flagrant violation of the law of nations—a violation brutal in its method and useless in its results, most dangerous in its consequences—was hailed by public opinion as a splendid victory for the Stars and Stripes. But this should cause no surprise. These ill-considered enthusiasms are inevitable under our modern conditions of society, where a blatant press, like a brazen gong, re-echoes and multiplies *ad infinitum* the beating of every heart, without giving time for sober second thought to correct weak yielding to first impressions. Only the chosen few are capable of resisting these first impulses, and have the self-control necessary to calculate the consequences of events without allowing themselves to be carried away by the tempest of public outcry. Two men at Washington comprehended from the first the danger to their country of the inconsiderate act of Wilkes. These were Seward and McClellan. The former, burdened with an immense responsibility, patriotically dissimulated his opinion with extraordinary  *finesse*; he permitted the excitement to spend itself, and, thanks to the slowness of communication with England, gained time enough to extricate his Government at the critical juncture, by enveloping the decision he had succeeded in extorting from “the powers that be” in a specious web of plausibilities, calculated to sweeten the bitterness caused at home by England’s exactions, and at the same time to satisfy her just demands. He succeeded in sparing his country and the world the horrors of a war, the results of which could hardly be imagined.

Mr. Lincoln, who did not anticipate a war, compared the two nations to “two fierce dogs confined in neighboring back-yards, and continually growling at each other through the fence. Once let them find a chink in the boards, they glare through it with rolling eyes and gleaming incisors, till one would suppose they wished to swallow each other. By no means! Brought face to face, they suddenly put on a look of unconscious astonishment, and each one beats a hasty retreat with his tail between his legs. But care must be taken that the two adversaries do not injure each other through some opening, *à l'improviste*; for the teeth once in it would be impossible to separate them.”

It was not for McClellan to implicate himself in questions of a purely political character, but he probably foresaw the consequences of a war which he perceived in the distance. It was a question of England, mistress of the seas, inundating the Southern States with arms and munitions of war, with money and volunteers,



blockading the federal ports, and in the spring making Canada the base of operations for her regular army. The States of the North would have found themselves hemmed in along a vast line of boundary by two hostile powers, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. McClellan's care, in view of such an emergency, was to perfect and strengthen his army; but, above all, not to compromise the safety of his forces by any attempt at operations on the other side of the Potomac. Grand reviews established, to the satisfaction of the inexperienced, the fact of progress in the equipment, instruction, and drill of the troops. At Bailey's Cross-roads might have been seen a rendezvous of 50,000 men, with all the paraphernalia of a campaign, a large number of cavalry, and a formidable array of artillery. No such spectacle had ever been seen in the United States; the novelty of the display caused the liveliest interest among the inhabitants of Washington. But for a European, not the least curious part of the pageant was the President, with his entire Cabinet, in citizens' dress, boldly caracoling at the head of a brilliant military *cortège*, and riding down the long lines of troops to the rattle of drums, the flourish of trumpets, and the loud huzzas of the whole army. While his *aides-de-camp* were engaged in the field, McClellan worked ceaselessly with the Secretaries of War and Navy, Simon Cameron and Gideon Welles, preparing great expeditions, half military and half naval, that should plant the national flag on the principal points of the enemy's coast, and secure convenient bases for future operations. The success won at Port Royal encouraged the Federal Government in these projects, while McClellan himself had brought back from the Crimea a personal experience which enabled him, better than any one else, to preside over the details of preparation.

Mr. Seward, having courageously ended the *Trent* affair to the satisfaction of the public, now recovered from its first attack of folly, the only obstacle to be feared—the danger of a maritime war—was finally removed. The troops destined for the attack on New Orleans were sent to Ship Island in detail. Burnside embarked at New York, during the early days of 1862, with the little army that should seize Roanoke, and march on the interior of North Carolina. But an unusually severe winter had supervened pending the *Trent* business. While the naval expeditions intended to land troops on the coasts of the Southern States might still have been fitted out, though the severe gales of the season would have subjected them to serious

danger, deep snows and intense cold made movements on the part of the Army of the Potomac next to impossible. Even had it been desirable to expose raw troops to the rigors of a winter campaign, it would have been impracticable to provision an advancing army, on account of the impassable condition of the roads. This set McClellan, as well as many of his subordinates, to thinking of transportation by water, down the Western rivers, or through the deep estuaries of Eastern Virginia.

One day, I think it was the 20th of December, General McClellan, ordinarily so assiduous, did not appear at headquarters. The next day it was learned that he was ill. Three days later his life was in danger. Exhausted with work, his robust physique was seized with a typhoid of the most serious type. . . . His absence paralyzed work at headquarters. He had not regularly delegated his powers. His father-in-law and Chief of Staff, General Marcy, did not dare to act definitively in his name. He was under the disadvantage of not having created a general field staff service, with duly appointed Chief of Staff. This might have aided him in securing a consistent *ensemble* of military operations. . . . On his return to the duties of his office, he realized that during his absence many important changes had taken place. Since the 13th of January, Mr. Cameron had been replaced by Mr. Stanton, a celebrated lawyer, who was spoken of as one of the coming men of the Democratic party. McClellan, who knew and appreciated him, had, before his illness, contributed materially to Stanton's nomination by recommending him earnestly to the President. But he was not slow to regret this. Mr. Stanton, endowed with a remarkable faculty for work, rendered incontestable service in the organization of the armies; but, afraid of the growing importance of those who commanded them, and wishing to impose his authority, he was instrumental, more than any one else, in developing in Mr. Lincoln's mind the idea of directing military operations in person, from the depths of the White House itself—a fatal idea, of which the disastrous consequence was the utter defeat of the federal armies in Virginia during the summer of 1862. The personal intervention of the President, provoked by the inconsiderate impatience of the public and the precipitate solicitation of McClellan's political adversaries, first declared itself in a singular order, kept a secret at the time, but given to the press on the day it was intended the blow should be struck. This order, dated the 27th of January, directed all the armies of the republic to take the field

on the same day, that is, on the 22d of February, in honor of Washington's birthday! In the West everything was in readiness. The rivers were open. But the order of the President was not necessary to warrant Grant, already under orders from McClellan, in beginning the campaign, and Grant anticipated that order. His début was as a lightning stroke. His victory at Fort Donelson, followed by the capitulation of 15,000 Confederates, was the revenge for Bull Run. The impression created throughout the whole army was profound. The federal volunteers took heart again. The confidence of the Army of the Potomac was redoubled. The general was now restored to health. The weather had moderated. The time had at last come for this army to act. . . . But the immense flotilla which should transport it to Urbanna, or to Fortress Monroe, another point of debarkation equally considered with the other, was not yet ready, and no one more than McClellan regretted the delay. It is well known that he was obliged to fight many objections in order to secure the adoption of his favorite plan. He was obliged to exhibit the details of his projects before numerous councils of war, some of them political and some of them military, some of the members of which were, perhaps, not possessed of absolute discretion. He was obliged to reassure and convince all those who feared lest Washington should be left without sufficient protection. He finally obtained the Government's approval.

At the very moment when all seemed ready for the realization of his grand design, two unforeseen circumstances arose to thwart the calculations of McClellan. The first was the sudden evacuation of Manassas by the Confederates. I do not believe that this could be attributed to indiscretions following the councils of war at Washington. I prefer, rather, to ascribe it to the military sagacity of the great warrior who then commanded the Army of Northern Virginia. His positions at Manassas were only protected by the snow and ice which paralyzed the Federals. With the opening of the season he would be obliged to withdraw behind the Rappahannock. This movement brought the Southern Army nearer to Richmond, at the same time placing it on the Urbanna route, thus making a landing there impossible for us, and permitting Lee to anticipate McClellan on the Virginia peninsula. The latter would not give up his plan. Fortress Monroe, occupied by the Federals, was chosen as the new point of debarkation, and the pursuit of the enemy on the road from Manassas to Fredericksburg had no other object than to deceive him

as to the intentions of the Federals. The army, after having feigned pursuit, was ordered to concentrate near Alexandria, the rendezvous of the grand flotilla which McClellan awaited with so much impatience.

But on the 13th of March another unexpected event again caused consternation among the officers of the staff. The indefatigable news-dealers, who followed the army almost to the very line of battle, had brought papers from Washington, in which we read a decree of the President relieving McClellan from the direction in chief of the armies of the United States. Mr. Lincoln gave to the public his order of January 27th, the pretext being that McClellan had not taken the field on the appointed 22d of February, as had been explicitly directed. It was recalled to mind that on this very day, McClellan, on going upon the floor of the House of Representatives, had been greeted by a triple salvo of applause, a demonstration flattering enough, but damaging to a general, whose functions forbid even the suspicion of political partisanship. The measure in question was inept, since it virtually restricted McClellan within a line of operations, excluding West Virginia, then assigned to Fremont. The measure was especially disastrous in suppressing all general direction of military operations and disintegrating the *ensemble*. Scott had been decided to be too superannuated to attend to this general direction. It was not for the purpose of abolishing it entirely that command had been confided to younger and more energetic hands. Unfortunately, at this moment Mr. Lincoln had the weakness to think that he himself could effectively exercise the supreme control, assigned him in form, it is true, by a figment of the national Constitution. As for McClellan, the President's decision was mortifying in its method, Lincoln having delayed its promulgation till after the departure of his general, and having left it to be communicated to the latter by the daily papers. Yet McClellan would have consoled himself, had not this measure been followed by others still more harassing, and of a nature to completely cripple intelligent action. But he was relieved of an immense responsibility; he was left at the head of an army eager to follow his lead, eager for battle, and confident of victory under his orders. He alone seemed to preserve his *sang-froid* in the midst of officers of all grades who flocked to his headquarters at Fairfax Court-House as the news spread rapidly from camp-fire to camp-fire. Among these officers were stanch supporters, secret foes, those jealous of

his fame, would-be worshipers of the rising sun, and, last but not least, indiscreet and compromising friends. In this evil hour McClellan felt how sternly patriotic duty demanded of him that he should hide the mortification he felt at this cruel wound to his feelings as an officer and a man. He sought for consolation only in the sympathy and confidence of his soldiers. . . .

After the Peninsular campaign, the Army of the Potomac might, with proper reinforcements, have regained the advantages it had lost, and have profited by the great sacrifices already made. The James might have been crossed at Harrison's Landing, Richmond might have been approached from the South. The course of subsequent events proves how accurate had been McClellan's forethought and judgment in determining the original plan of this campaign. Two years later, Grant, in spite of whatever may be said, was forced to adopt *the very same plan*—after having sacrificed 60,000 men to the fire of the enemy—in order to reach the same bank of the James! This it was that secured his final victory. But he who lays the foundations is rarely permitted to crown the work.

At this point I must stop. Matters of grave political import, and family affairs, not to be postponed, obliged the Duc de Chartres and myself to take advantage of the permission of the President to resign our posts, which had been provisionally accepted when the ranks of the Federal Army were generously opened to us. We were forced to part with McClellan at Haxall's Landing. The regret he expressed, the letter in which his Chief of Staff and the Secretary of State, in accepting our resignations, were pleased to acknowledge our services, were an inestimable recompense for the zeal with which we had endeavored to fulfil our allotted task. The most precious possession we brought back with us to the shores of the Old World was the friendship of so many gallant soldiers whose labors we had the honor to share—but above all must we estimate the friendship of their honored chief, whose death fills us with heartfelt grief.

Long afterwards I was happy in being able to meet General McClellan once again, and to receive him and his family in my own house and on my native soil. I shall ever cherish the recollection of our many interviews and chats over the later brilliant campaign in which it was not my good-fortune to be of his military family, and which was so inopportunately interrupted by his removal. He

spoke with rare forbearance of the disgrace put upon him by the successive withdrawal of his best troops to be placed under the orders of an incapable general at Manassas; of the recognition and homage to his attainments and superior military ability forced on Mr. Lincoln by public opinion at a time of great peril. After the lapse of twenty years, these reminiscences brought the old youthful fire to his eye and cheek. He burned with enthusiasm at the recollection of his fifteen days' campaign in Maryland, begun with a demoralized army, and ended by the forced retreat of Lee to the other side of the Potomac. But a profound sadness came over him when he spoke of the fatal day when an order of the President struck a brutal blow at the victor of Antietam, in the midst of his most successfully conceived plan of military strategy. No one is ignorant of the dignity and patriotism with which McClellan bowed his head at the cruel mandate. The heart of the soldier and loyal citizen had been profoundly hurt. What could have been more cruelly mortifying than to feel one's self capable of being of the highest service to one's country in time of her extreme need—to have proved this, only to be made the victim of stupid political jealousy! One easily understands the mistake McClellan made before the end of the war—it was a mistake—in not refusing to allow his name to be opposed to that of Lincoln in the presidential election. Happily, he lived long enough to see his talents admitted, . . . and to receive in Europe the homage of every soldier who had intelligently studied the great civil war of America. Appreciated by the world, honored by the citizens of New Jersey, he was fortunate in remaining a stranger to the dangers of political partisanship, which have compromised the reputation of more than one accomplished soldier. To the last he remained worthy to be called, above all else, *Vir fortis—Vir bonus!*

PHILIPPE, COMTE DE PARIS.

## THE EXTIRPATION OF CRIMINALS.

THE movement of Prison Reform has in view, 1st, the reform of prisons; 2d, the reform of prisoners. The ultimate object is the extirpation of the criminal class, and the reduction of criminal offences. Aside from humanitarian considerations, society demands this on the ground of security and on the ground of economy.

During the last thirty or forty years great improvement has been made in the United States, especially in the northern States, in the construction and management of State prisons, and a little in county jails and lock-ups. This has been a necessary first step in the reform. It was due to our civilization, to our self-respect and sense of decency. Most of the prisons and jails were barbarous, many of them are so still—barbarous in management, and disregard of moral ideas, if not in physical conditions. In one point of view, nothing else is so representative of the vigor and intelligence of this century's civilization as the enlightened construction, the organization, the discipline, the regard for physical comfort, the enforcement of wholesome labor, the cleanliness, and the sanitary arrangements of our great institutions for the confinement of criminals. If our object is the security and comfort of sentenced men, we have fully attained it in some of our model prisons.

This reform in prisons was also necessary to a reform of the prisoners, for it is an accepted truth—religion and science agree in this—that you must lift a man out of physical degradation before you can permanently benefit him morally. The theory, therefore, upon which the prisons have been reformed is a perfectly sound one; but we have come in many cases to a point where we can see the end of its efficacy, unless we supplement it with something else. For we are already face to face with the question, Do reformed prisons reform?

By reformed prisons I do not here mean the few like the Elmira Reformatory, where the inmates are drilled into new habits by a threefold enforced discipline, which reaches the body, the conduct, and the intellect; I mean those excellent model prisons which leave little to be desired in construction and in the comfort of the inmates,

and many of which, under humane management, soften the rigors of imprisonment by means of libraries, entertaining lectures and readings, concerts, holidays, anniversary dinners, flowers, and marks for obedience to rules, which shorten the term of confinement. Do these reformed prisons reform?

The reply which the public makes to this question is that crimes rather increase than diminish, that the number of criminals in penitentiaries more than keeps pace with the growth of population and of wealth, so that enlarged accommodations for both old and juvenile offenders are continually demanded, and that what is known as the criminal class is larger year by year. Inspection of the prisons shows, in the number of persons serving second, third, and fourth terms, no diminution of professional criminals. No doubt that humane treatment and classification of prisoners, where classification is tried, do save some criminals from further demoralization, and occasionally reform.

But the general public, which never interests itself in this subject philosophically or scientifically, and does not comprehend at all such far-reaching plans of the reformer as are involved in the indeterminate sentence, and has nothing to do with criminals except, spasmodically, to punish them, the general public says that all this better lodging and better feeding of convicts is nonsense, because it does not diminish the volume of crime, and that the only effect of the "rose-water" treatment is to pamper criminals, set them up physically, and prolong their destructive career in the world. And there is, to my mind, so much truth in this charge, that if the end of the present prison reform is comfortable prisons and the physical rehabilitation of the criminal class, I am quite ready to listen to other more promising proposals for the extirpation of this class. It is this point which I wish to consider briefly in this paper.

The whole benevolent force of modern society is directed to the survival of the weakest; this is the study of science and of philanthropy; to prolong the existence of the diseased, the feeble in mind and body, the vicious also, and to promote the propagation on earth of the feeble and the vicious. Looked at abstractly, as regards the welfare of future society, and scientifically, this is absurd; looked at from the side of humanity, it is exceedingly defective as at present developed, the true object of philanthropy being the elimination of disease and crime.

Now, what the general public arrives at roughly, by the exercise



of what it calls common sense, a great many, an increasing number, of thinking men, students of present and past social conditions—men solicitous about the future of the race—have come to by observation and reasoning. They see that crime increases, that protection against its injury to individuals is inadequate, so that there is continual talk of the necessity for men to take the law into their own hands; that the criminal class is yearly larger and more aggressive; that thus far philanthropy does little more in this direction than to enable the criminal class to propagate itself more prolifically; that we pay immense sums for a police to watch men and women perfectly well known to be criminals, lying in wait to rob and murder; and other immense sums to catch and try over and over again these criminals, who are shut up for short terms, well cared for, physically rehabilitated, and then sent out to continue their prowling warfare against society.

And, considering this rising tide of crime, the readiness also of the criminal class to reinforce all the riotous demonstrations in the socialistic agitations, these students of social life declare that the time is at hand when society will be compelled to take decided and radical measures for the repression of the criminal class, and against its propagation.

They say, as a matter of historical observation, that the present civilization in England and America would not have been possible but for the elimination of the vicious class, of bad blood, by various violent processes during several centuries in England. They refer not so much to war and pestilence, which swept away, to some degree, good as well as bad elements in society, but to the capital laws against petty criminals and vagrants. These laws were barbarous. There was the same death penalty for snaring a hare, or stealing a loaf of bread, as for taking a purse on the highway, with the added ceremony of murdering its owner. England swarmed with mendicants who were all thieves, with vagabonds, associated and classified in ranks and orders, idle law-breakers of every fanciful designation. The severe laws, making no distinction of punishment for crimes of varying enormity, had the usual effect of such laws in making men reckless. England bristled with gibbets; the tree that bore most fruit in that damp climate was the gallows-tree. The number of executions was enormous.

Now, these barbarous laws did not repress crime; they are believed by many to have increased it; but it is undeniable that they

did eliminate a vast amount of bad blood from the body politic, that they did extirpate a great mass of criminals root and branch, and prevent the propagation of their kind; so that when the severe laws, which tended to make the viciously inclined criminal, were gradually repealed, the new civilization had sensibly less of the bad element to deal with.

This is the argument of a great many thinking men, who see and say that our affairs have now come to such a pass that the elimination of the criminal class, by some means, and perhaps by the prevention of its propagation, will soon be a necessity to our social existence. We know that the removal of twenty, or fifty, or a hundred, or two hundred, desperate characters, from this or that city in the United States, would be of immense benefit to it. You can all recall instances of riots in large cities which have been put down by the fatal clubs of the police, or by the bullets of the citizen soldiers, where the elimination of bad blood has had a most wholesome effect on the peace and security of the town for some years afterward. There is no doubt that the elimination of desperate characters, of the professional criminals, the Apaches of our civilization, who, protected by our laws and sustained by our charities, have literally no occupation or object in life except to prey upon society, is much to be desired. These persons are not simply useless to themselves and to the community, they are "hostiles," enemies of the race. So long as they remain and propagate their kind they are the most expensive element in society, and the most dangerous.

How shall they be eliminated? By what means or agencies? I am not speaking now of the general influences of Christian civilization, which we believe are gradually improving mankind, but of direct organized efforts under legislation. To what, exactly, shall legislation be directed for the extirpation of the criminal class? We use the term criminal class, but what do we mean by it? We assume that if we could cut this off, prevent its propagation, the work would be done, and the thinking men to whom I have referred appeal to the doctrine of heredity. Is the science of heredity sufficiently understood for us to base legislation on it?

Those most experienced best understand the difficulty of classifying criminals. In every prison there are some who are accidental criminals, who, led by passion or evil circumstances, have committed a crime, contrary to the usual law-abiding habit of their lives; their number is small. There are not nearly so many of these as there are

men outside the prisons who lead lives of absolute rascality within the law, and escape detection. Then there are many, vicious, ignorant, ill-nurtured, to whom crime is natural, but who are not professionals, that is to say, they have other occupations than crime. But both these not well-defined classes may become professional and determined criminals, and nearly all our county jails and lock-ups, and most of our larger prisons, tend to make them so. Then there are the regular professionals, determined criminals, who have no other occupation than crime. Perhaps a rough but sufficient classification of inmates of State prisons would be, those who violate the law occasionally, but have occupations more or less honest; and those who live on the community solely by the commission of crimes. Many of these last were born criminals, raised criminals, come of a perfectly well-defined criminal lineage; but not all of them; some have entered this life from better conditions. For heredity has its freaks, apparently. I have known a pure and upright child spring from the basest parentage—like a lily out of the mire; and I have known the most vicious and degraded offspring from a family irreproachable, so far as was known, for generations. I knew of one family of a clergyman, the ancestors on the father's and mother's side entirely respectable, which offered this anomaly: two of the children grew up with every virtue and lived lives of the highest usefulness; two others—a boy and a girl—went to the bad utterly. The four had been brought up under precisely the same good influences, under the same moral discipline. I believe in heredity, that is, in the transmission of qualities and appetites and traits and tendencies. But I do not think we know enough about it to make it the basis of legislation for the extirpation of the criminal class. A good man may have a bad daughter, a bad man may have a good daughter. What we call the criminal class is constantly recruited from the better elements of society, and members of the criminal class are sometimes reformed. It needs omniscience to tell who will not become a criminal, and what criminal is absolutely irreclaimable.

I think it is evident, therefore, that in our attempt to extirpate criminals we must deal with them as individual men and women, and not with classes. But, to effect this, I look to measures quite as radical as any of those suggested for the elimination of criminals by barbarous laws and barbarous punishments, but measures in harmony with our Christian civilization. I believe that we have entered upon the right path, but that to rest in the "rose-water" and milk-and-

water philanthropy stage, if not more likely to nurture crime and foster criminals than the old barbarism, may do even less than that for the elimination of the criminal class.

Society must concern itself more actively and intelligently with this matter than it has yet done; its humanitarianism must have a severer and more radical character. There is great need now of tempering mercy with justice. We may take a lesson from the modern dealing with pauperism. The mediæval plan bred paupers; the system of associated charities and inspection, while relieving want, tends to diminish pauperism, by helping the poor to help themselves. There is as yet very little prevention in our whole scheme of dealing with crime and criminals. Comfortable prisons and humane treatment of convicts, creditable as they are to our civilization, do not at all go to the root of the matter.

Prevention must be directed to two ends: the prevention of the recruiting of the criminal class, and the prevention of the commission of more crimes by the criminal class. The one will be measurably stopped by the rescue of children in degraded circumstances, where they are morally certain to become either criminals or paupers; the other will be accomplished mainly by putting the well-known, the professional, the determined criminals where they can no longer prey upon society, and where some of them, perhaps a considerable percentage of them, may be reformed.

The first, the rescue of the children, is an enormous task, much more difficult than the second. Many agencies are now directed to it, but the undertaking is so vast, it is complicated by so many domestic and social problems, that only a mitigation of the evil can be expected until the whole of society is aroused to the absolute necessity of the moral as well as the intellectual training of the young, so that a united and general effort is made, not only for the care of the waifs and strays, the young barbarians of our feverish civilization, but for the rescue of all children predetermined to useless lives by vice or poverty. I believe that this is vital to the welfare of the republic, and that if we neglect it our efforts to repress crime will be as futile as the attempt to keep back the ocean tide with a broom. But I have only space to emphasize it, while passing to consider the treatment of actual criminals, a large proportion of whom, alas! are young.

Admitting the necessity of more radical measures than prevail at present in the treatment of convicted criminals, it seems to me as

unscientific as it would be un-humane to return to the old barbarous methods, to attempt the extirpation of criminals by re-enacting the capital laws of the fifteenth century, or by inventing cruel and disabling punishments. It will never be done. The enlightened humanity of the age will never permit it. Science even cannot counsel it, for science cannot draw a line between the criminal class and the non-criminal, nor tell us even who are irreclaimable in the criminal class. We must go on in the course we have entered on, but we must go on more intelligently, more radically, and to the logical end. The plan to be pursued must be as free from sentimentality as from inhumanity.

This plan has two objects: the security of society, by placing determined criminals where they cannot prey upon it, and increase the burden of our taxation by their idleness and by their depredations; and, second, the reform of the prisoners.

In coming time the world will look back with amazement upon the days when it let known, determined criminals run at large, only punishing them occasionally, by a temporary deprivation of their liberty in short and determinate sentences. We can see to-day that it is a thoroughly illogical proceeding. The man determined upon a life of crime is of no use to himself at large, and he is both a danger and expense to the community. He commonly gives evidence in his character and his acts of this determination—evidence sufficient for the court which tries and sentences him; but if that is too uncertain, then conviction for a second offence may be legally taken to define his position. After the second offence the criminal should be shut up, on an indeterminate sentence, where he will be compelled to labor to pay for his board and clothes and the expense of his safe keeping.

The idea that by committing crime a man can compel the State to support him is one of the most whimsical of modern inventions. It is a curious theory of the so-called Labor party, and its endorsement by the other great parties is purely a demagogic expedient to catch a few votes. The notion that honest men must be taxed to support criminals in idleness needs only to be stated to expose its absurdity. Granted that a man must not do profitable labor because he is in prison, it is then true that he should not be reformed, because, as an honest workman, at liberty, he would be another competitor in the labor market. The only possible injustice would be for the State using convict labor to undersell its manufactured pro-

ducts in the market. That would be unjust to every honest workman.

The first step, therefore, in the extirpation of criminals is to shut up on an indeterminate sentence all those who, by a second offence, place themselves in the criminal class. We shall certainly come to this, and when we do society will be free of a vast mass of criminals, who will be where they earn their living, where they can no longer prey upon society, where they cannot corrupt the innocent, where they cannot increase their kind in the world, and where they will have the only chance possible to them for reform.

How shall they be treated? Kindly, humanely, of course, but not in any way pampered. The first requisite is their security. Society has a right to demand that they should be secure, and, secondly, that they shall not have an easier lot as criminals than honest men have outside the prisons. Rigid discipline is essential; discipline is the first requisite in any attempt for the improvement of the condition of the men, physically, morally, or intellectually. In any education, in the learning of any trade, it is the first requisite; it is emphatically so for boys and men distorted morally, intellectually, and physically. Hard labor is also essential.

What shall that labor be? It must, in the first place, be profitable, if possible; it should be such as will put the men in better condition, if they regain their liberty, to earn a living. It has been suggested that in such States as, say, Vermont and New Hampshire, where the railways have caused the country roads to be neglected, the convicts might well be employed in road-making. The suggestion is not unreasonable. Its adoption might increase the value of farm property and be of general benefit to the State. The objections to this are those that apply to the Southern lease system. It abandons all hope of reforming the prisoners, and it is demoralizing to the community. It would not be so bad as the Southern lease system, because in that the State relinquishes all moral control of the prisoners to private persons, whose only interest in the convicts is the amount of work to be got out of them. The spectacle of the public punishment of convicts seems to me almost as demoralizing to the community as public executions. I saw once, on a road leading out of Atlanta, a gang of convicts, a wild, brutal gang, chanting the barbarous songs of Africa as they swung their hammers. By the roadside stood a guard of men with rifles levelled at the convicts. It gave me a shock; humanity was degraded by the spectacle.

Probably the shock would have been less the second time I saw them, and I should gradually become so accustomed to it that I should not be shocked at all. But I should lose something of value in my moral nature in thus becoming used to it, just as I should in becoming hardened to the shock of public executions. I have no doubt that gangs of convicts distributed about the country have a bad effect on the moral tone of the community. And no reform of the convicts can be expected unless they are placed under severe discipline, where all good influences can be brought to bear upon them.

We can shut up confirmed criminals, and thus take the first necessary step in the elimination of the criminal class. This is comparatively easy, and it is a wonder that a long-suffering and thrifty generation has not long ago taken it. The reform of convicts is a more difficult and discouraging undertaking. Many people think it impossible, except in sporadic cases, so few as not to encourage effort in this direction. They regard the time and money and sympathy expended in this effort as wasted.

But the effort, except in the Elmira system and a few copies of it, has not been anywhere scientifically or philosophically undertaken. No wonder, when the effect upon the individual character is so small even in our best model prisons, that the question of Prison Reform should be popularly regarded with doubt and indifference. The public mind has been so educated that it is quick to be indignant at any official cruelty in prisons, but it has not yet come to have any faith in the reforming influence of our improved prisons. Why should it?

Before it has, the prisons must show fruits, and the reformers must go on, and go far, in the direction they have taken. In most respects there must be a radical change in methods, a change based upon a deep knowledge of human nature. The key-note to the reform of any man—to his education, indeed—is the drilling him into good and fixed physical, moral, and intellectual habits. The more deteriorated or feeble the man is the longer the process will be. For the confirmed and degraded criminal, the only chance of reformation is keeping him under intelligent discipline long enough to eradicate his bad habits and fix him in good habits. To this end the indeterminate sentence is absolutely indispensable, a sentence that there is no hope of ending or abbreviating until he gives indisputable evidence that he is a changed man. He must, as at Elmira,

work out his own salvation. And the hope of this system is that no man can for indeterminate years be subjected to a discipline which rigidly enforces good conduct, correct physical living, application to work, and mental drill and moral instruction, without forming some fixed good habits. It is an ethical and physical law. The time needed to form these habits will be short with some boys and men and long with others. I said, no man can be subjected to this discipline without benefit, if the time is long enough. Still, there probably are incorrigibles. The place for them is undoubtedly in prison, and at hard labor all their lives. They are of no use elsewhere in the world. We must sternly dismiss the sentimental notion that determined, confirmed criminals, who have no intention of ever doing anything but preying upon society, have any right to liberty. What a burlesque upon our civilization, for instance, is our treatment of professional burglars!

Many of our reformed prisons are ready for the introduction of the reformatory discipline, which, if we are to make thorough work in the extirpation of criminals, must be inaugurated in all the State prisons and penitentiaries, as well as in the juvenile reformatories. It is not a question of punishment. Perhaps a year's incarceration may be enough punishment for a certain crime; but, as the question is the welfare of society and the reform of the criminal, there is no reason why a man should come out of prison until he is fit to come out, that is to say, until it seems likely that he will not further injure himself by committing new crimes, and until he will not be a terror and a danger to the community.

In order to carry out this reformatory discipline in prisons, we need the best-resources of our civilization; I mean, the application to it of the highest moral and intellectual forces. For the head of a college we must have a man of learning and of high character; for the conduct of an industrial shop we must have a man of skill, tact, and energy; in the pulpit and the Sunday-school we must have ability and moral excellence. Every one of these qualities is requisite in the management of a reformatory prison. To reform determined criminals, under sentence of the law, is the most difficult task ever yet set to human skill, sympathy, and ability. I do not care how able a man may be, how cultivated, how refined, how morally and intellectually strong, he will find play for all his forces and resources in attempting to reform a prison full of convicts. The influence of character, of gentle breeding, of intellect, will be as much



felt in a prison as anywhere else. We are out of the field of homeopathy here—like does not cure like.

I visited once a large city prison, where the inmates, convicts and those awaiting trial, were huddled together in one unsavory crowd, guarded by keepers whose manners and evident moral status were so like those of the prisoners that the two classes might have changed places without exciting the suspicion of the spectator. The prisoners by their bad conduct had elected themselves to their situation; the keepers had been elected or appointed to their places probably for dubious political services. Bad as these prisoners appeared to be, I do not think it was fair for the State to subject them to further deterioration by placing them in charge of such keepers.

To students of psychology there is no more interesting problem than this of changing the inclinations of men, apparently demoralized, by the application of discipline continued long enough to form new habits. The experiment is not possible except upon men placed under control for an indefinite time. The public is sceptical about it. Many experts with a life-long experience in the care of criminals are sceptical about it. Well they may be, when they have never seen convicts subjected to the proposed discipline for an indefinite time. It is a new departure.

The experiment will cost nothing; indeed, it is the most economical method we can adopt; for if it should fail to make less than five in a hundred convicts law-abiding men, it can be demonstrated that it is true economy for the State to keep its incorrigible criminals locked up, where they cannot prey upon their fellows, and where they must earn their living.

We have come nearly to the end of the experiment of what comfortable prisons and even kind treatment can do in the way of changing the lives of individual men. I believe that the most of those in charge of such prisons are sceptical about the reform of any considerable proportion of their inmates. But all admit that something ought to be done for the elimination of the criminal class. Some may favor a return to the severe laws of two centuries ago, with the addition of barbarous punishments. But the whole spirit of the age demands a more humane, more scientific, more philosophical treatment of the pariahs. We cannot go back. We must go forward.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

## EDWIN P. WHIPPLE AS CRITIC.

FIFTY years ago a lad was to be seen daily in the rooms of the Salem Athenæum, who, in his leisure moments, was never without a book, and whose intelligent and rounded face attracted general attention. He wore a short jacket, knew nothing outside of books, and had wonderfully expressive eyes. About 1835 he came to Boston to engage in the duties of a merchant's clerk, but this position was soon exchanged for the care of a periodical exchange, where his opportunities for reading were as unlimited as they were in Salem. Too poor to think for a moment of a college education, few young men would have been more benefited by a liberal training. He was entirely self-educated. He belonged to a coterie of bright clerks of that day, all of whom were anxious to make something of themselves, and in their genial company he first found the attrition of mind with mind which is the most important part of mental training. This was long before the days of the Lowell Institute and the Public Library, institutions which were the natural successors of the courses of lectures these young men, with Edwin Percy Whipple as their leader, organized in connection with the old Mercantile Library, of which they made him for many years the custodian. The training here received had its advantages and its drawbacks. It brought him into direct contact with realities, but it failed to secure the strength of thought and breadth of view which go with a classical and comprehensive education. Great and exceptional as were Whipple's early achievements in letters, it is easy to note why he did not accomplish more, and to see why he missed the points of excellence which a more generous culture would have given him. He had not a creative mind, but his purely critical abilities, though of the first order, needed the discipline of exact and long-continued study, and the widening of intellectual view, to make his later work something more substantial than it is. He came just short of being a great critic of literature. His vital defect is illustrated by comparing his critical writing with that of Emerson. Both have much in common—the same feeling for vitality in the works of others, the same regard for good form—but

Emerson had the survey of the world, though the horizon was that of Concord, while Whipple seldom saw beyond the author or subject which he had in hand. This limitation in the case of Whipple was partly constitutional, but if he had received the education which Emerson received, in the plastic years of his youth, there can be no question that his horizon would have been immensely enlarged, and that his work would have been better related to the generation to which he belonged, and to the life of the world at large.

Whipple appeared in the field of American letters when our great authors were in the making, and when there was no such thing as intelligent and exact criticism. The elder Dana had done something in the papers which appeared in *The Idle Man*, and Longfellow had written expository criticism of a mild sort in *The North American Review*, but neither of these writers had anything like incisiveness in his intellectual composition. Dana had not the hardihood to fight for his convictions, which were those of Wordsworth and Coleridge, as against those held by the Harvard professors of the period, and Longfellow had no convictions which he cared to maintain. The field of authorship was limited, and that of criticism was almost wholly unoccupied. Two quarterly reviews, *The New York* and *The North American*, alone had the field, and the strength of such writers as Irving and Bryant and Cooper lay in a different direction. It was into this arena that Whipple stepped in 1843, with his remarkable article on Macaulay, almost the first outside plaudit that reached the famous English essayist. The qualities which appeared in this essay were new in our literature, and in some respects were the same which contributed to Macaulay's success. Here were the brilliant rhetorical antithesis, the pointed epithet, the dexterous grouping of clauses, the wealth of allusion, the assumption of knowledge, and the audacity of statement which first arrested attention in Macaulay's celebrated essay on Milton. It is not wonderful that the English author hastened to acknowledge the compliment that had been paid to him. Taking up Whipple's essay to-day, one is surprised at the maturity and strength of his youthful work. It was the product of his twenty-fourth year, and came from one unacquainted with literary society in the larger sense, and only known among an enthusiastic band of merchants' clerks. In it Whipple reached at one bound what was then the pinnacle of fame as an American critic. The pages of *The North American Review* were immediately opened to him, and articles

from his pen appeared in the venerable quarterly in quick succession for several years. In 1844 two essays were printed, one on Wordsworth and one on Daniel Webster, which no other man in America at that time could have written. Nothing more critical or discriminating has been said about these two leaders in letters and statesmanship from that day to this, unless it came from Whipple's pen. His essay on Wordsworth, written immediately after the poet's death, is more mature but not more complete than the one which he prepared in his twenty-fifth year; and the same may be said of his second essay on Webster, which was prefixed to the latest edition of his speeches, and in which Whipple sought to exalt him as a master of English style. This early work had the freshness of the morning in it; it echoed no opinions but his own; it was profound in its critical analysis, emphatic in its recognition of merit, and altogether like the work which Carlyle and Macaulay had been contributing to the English quarterlies only a few years earlier. Emerson's critical power was manifesting itself at the same time in oracular utterances in the pages of *The Dial*; Theodore Parker was displaying like critical ability in the same periodical and in *The Massachusetts Quarterly*; Margaret Fuller had contributed her masterly paper on Goethe to *The North American*; Lowell was finding his way to critical expression through his then unread volume of *Conversations on Some of the Old Poets*; but Whipple surpassed them all in his command of his subject, in the acuteness of his criticism, in the extent of his knowledge of books, in his rhetorical felicity. The judgments of the American poets, which he pronounced in 1844, have not been reversed by Mr. Stedman in his survey of the same field, and his recognition of the merit of Longfellow as a poet precedes by a year or two that accorded to him by Margaret Fuller in the *New York Tribune*. When one considers that this youth of twenty-five years had passed in review, in the space of not more than three years, such writers as Macaulay, Talfourd, Webster, Wordsworth, Byron, Coleridge, Doctor South, the old English dramatists, and the contemporary English critics, and that his criticism was entirely his own and has not been reversed, it may be said with confidence that there are few examples in letters where work of a similar quality has been produced by one so young. Arthur Hallam is a similar instance of literary precocity, but he was coddled in the home of a man of letters, while Edwin Percy Whipple sprang up from the ranks, making himself what he was without ever crossing

the threshold of an academic institution. Like Burns, who gained nothing for his song from the training of the schools, he was to the manner born; his gifts and his training were his own possession. Poe had the same ripeness of intellect in his youth, but was not stronger nor greater than Whipple in the use of such gifts as the two had in common. Poe had the creative, where Whipple had the illuminating, imagination, but each had a correct intuition of what constitutes excellence in literature, and reached judgments that have stood the test of time.

It is to be remembered, in this general estimate, that the bulk of Whipple's critical work was given to the world while Americans were without any home standard of criticism and almost without authors who were worthy of critical study. His chief guides were Macaulay, Carlyle, Jeffrey, and Mackintosh. His training was mainly, if not entirely, confined to the study of English literature. Criticism was not then based upon catholic principles. It had no canons beyond the mechanical rules of good writing which had been laid down by Lord Kames and exemplified by Lord Jeffrey. The criticism of a work or of an author, as an exponent of his age or as the illustration of a ruling idea or as the product of the soil, the idea that any work or author had any connection with those who preceded him, the conception of literature as the outgrowth of national characteristics or convictions, the interpretation of an author as having anything to contribute to the explanation of the problems awaiting solution for the human race—the larger study of literature which is the characteristic of our own age—was unknown. Whipple was not educated to this style of thinking or this sort of criticism. He took up an author by himself, and, within a given space and often without much previous consideration, exhausted his ingenuity in saying about him all that he could. He studied the author in isolation. He related him to nothing that went before and to nothing that followed after. This is notable in the instance of the paper on Webster. Nothing can exceed the thoroughness of the analysis of the intellectual qualities of the great expounder of the Constitution, but the ethical and political force of the statesman, his place in the sum of agencies which were guiding the nation, is feebly presented. The mental subtilty of the essay is altogether in excess of its breadth of vision. Too much of this breadth must not be expected in a young man, but where the intellectual grasp is so remarkable, the wider sweep of the

critic, the adjustment of his criticism to the work of other men, is naturally expected. But in Whipple's work, fine as is its quality as an intellectual judgment or discussion, this ethical and adjusting quality is wanting. His writing lacks the grasp of fundamental principles, the power of relating thought to thought. When his first outburst of critical discussion has exhausted itself, which is by the year 1850, this vigorous writer, who has done better strictly critical work than any other American, is diminished to the size of a common man, and does his *quantum sufficit* like other brilliant hack-writers of his time. A large part of his published works is made up from the lectures which he used to deliver when the lyceum was the favorite method of literary entertainment in the country towns of New England. This was good of its kind, but it was not literature; Emerson alone could print his lectures exactly as he delivered them, and not feel that they lost their essential quality when separated from the voice that emphasized them. In literary knowledge Whipple had no superior among Americans, but when he undertook the entertainment of an audience the temptation to be brilliant drove all serious ideas out of his head, and the result is a display of rhetorical pyrotechnics which has no more present interest than a bundle of sticks. When he sat down to the dissection of an author or to the critical discussion of a subject he was another man; what he lacked in moral purpose and breadth of view was made up in vigor of style and in acuteness of probing. A volume of his critical efforts in earlier and later years could be selected from his published writings, which would constitute a very considerable claim to his being called our first and greatest American critic during the period covered by his life. This would include his essays on Webster and Richard Henry Dana, the two papers on Wordsworth, the two critical studies of Rufus Choate, the two papers on Agassiz, the two studies of Emerson, only one of which has been reproduced, the masterly paper on *Daniel Deronda*, the unparalleled estimate of Hawthorne, the recollections of Charles Sumner, the early criticism of Doctor South's sermons, and the brilliant but one-sided essay on Matthew Arnold. All this work is of a high order, and can bear comparison with anything of its kind that is contemporary with Whipple's writing. On its own and intended lines it is exhaustive and final. The excess of words, which was the defect of his earlier style, was removed in his later work; in the essays on Hawthorne and the second one on Wordsworth the style is

toned down to the subject and is a fitting channel for the thought ; this is also the case in the recollections of Choate, Sumner, Emerson, Motley, and Agassiz. Nothing can be finer of its kind than the manner in which he presents his memories of these great leaders in the intellectual life of New England. He is masterly in a portraiture which is half portrait and half criticism. It suits his temperament and his style. His *Literature in the Age of Elizabeth* covers ground with which he was familiar, and no fault is to be found with his judgments ; but it is less spontaneous than his other writing, and there is not sufficient scope given to his critical power. He writes as if he were hedged in and could not say what he wished. The first outlook upon the Elizabethan period is adequate and excellent ; so is the criticism of Shakspeare, Spenser, and Hooker ; but somehow the life is pressed out of the book ; there is no soul in it. A fine specimen of his power to be severely critical and yet truly just is found in a paper written in his twenty-ninth year, on the late Doctor Hudson's studies of the characters of Shakspeare. Here he was eminently at home, and no one knew better than he how to award praise or blame in the proper proportions to an author who deserved both.

The question is asked to-day, why Whipple is not better appreciated ? Professor Richardson, in his comprehensive survey of American literature, hardly recognizes him as having produced a ripple in the development of American thought ; half a dozen men of less force and acuteness have the credit which belongs to him. Is Professor Richardson, who is usually correct in his judgments, right or wrong in assigning to Whipple an inferior place in the criticism of literature ? It is to be feared that he is nearer right than one could wish. The field which Whipple occupied was essentially a narrow one. The estimate of his critical power is justly high, if the limitations of his education and the restricted view which belongs to his time are taken into account, but his work does not rank with that of the great masters of critical writing. There were really but two men in England or America who correctly gauged the literary movement of their generation, and these two were Carlyle and Emerson. What Emerson was every one knows, and what Carlyle was every one can understand from his early letters and his critical papers. Each of these leaders undertook to create a new world, and their work is of value in proportion to the genuine "vision of that immortal sea which brought us hither," which each put into his understanding of the

things that concerned human life. Defective as their writing may be in many ways, the power of moral teaching which each withheld from the pulpit was not lost to society. Emerson was an idealist, and saw the round world in his poetic vision, and this saved him from the narrowness of his environment ; Carlyle did not see humanity as will and idea, in the sense that Emerson did, but he saw things in relation to the eternal verities so that he got a glimpse of the whole, and never forgot, whatever the subject might be on which he was writing, that it had to do with God and his universe. These men had moral convictions, and these convictions were so elemental that they entered into everything which they wrote or thought or said. The public has come slowly to understand this, and they are destined hereafter, for at least a generation or two, if not for a thousand years, to have all the recognition among the readers of the best spoken words which any of the immortals could desire. Whipple was not this sort of man. He never went mad over an idea. He never groped around in the night-time, as Emerson did, to write down his thoughts for use in the morning. He got his ideas from the other man, and nourished his mind by proxy all his life. His distinction is that he could take in these ideas and use them with marvellous consideration and ingenuity ; that he could detect fallacies and turn things inside out, to the infinite merriment of his fellows ; that he could enter into other men's labors and use them. He did no original work ; he wrote nothing that had convictions in it ; he never compelled another man to take an oath to refute what he said ; he never said anything that compelled refutation ; he was a wit, a brilliant essayist, a wonderful analyst of ideas, but not a thinker, not an originator, not an awakening man. This was his misfortune, and it has to do with the vitality of his work. A man may stand, while living, in other men's shoes upon occasion, and seem to be a man on his own account, but woe to his reputation when he is dead ; then he must stand on his own feet, so to speak ; if he has done anything notable, in adding in any way to the sum of human thought, he has his place ; and, if he has done nothing, then is taken away from him even the small reputation which he seemed to have, and the clouds of oblivion conceal him forever. It is in this situation that even such a writer as Whipple is placed when his work in this world is done. He did notable things, but nothing goes with his name that can stand alone. His writing is not closely or properly related to anything. It added nothing to the thought of the age. It made



no visible impression upon and gave no direction to the thought of our time. His writings are just so many books on the library shelf, which you take down upon occasion and glance over, but feel that you need not read.

When Bacon wrote his essays, his intuitions told him that his work would live; it had in a condensed form the wisdom that is necessary for the conduct of affairs; but this vitality is not in critical writing, unless it be of an unusual character. Matthew Arnold's collected critical essays, which he had contributed to periodicals before 1865, have given direction to English culture, but when you analyze those essays you find that Mr. Arnold's literary faith is bound up in them; they were not written to fill up a gap in a magazine, but came out of his inmost soul and had to do with his understanding of the eternal verities. There is an apostle's creed in every one of them, and nothing that he has written since is without the savor of the same gospel. Mr. Arnold has intense convictions and knows how to express them. He has another gift in which the American essayist is deficient—the sense of relation. To see this at an advantage one should take a subject in which the two writers are mutually interested. Such a topic is found in Wordsworth's poetry. Nothing can be finer, as a piece of critical writing, than Whipple's paper on Wordsworth, which was written immediately after the poet's death. It is mellow and spiritual, and tempered with the right ideas throughout; it seems as if the critic had utterly forgotten himself in the writing of it; it is perhaps the most sincere and genuine bit of work that Whipple ever did, unless the essay on Hawthorne be an exception; but, fine and masterly as it is, it stands by itself; it is not so written that Wordsworth is seen and felt as a living part of the development of English thought in the nineteenth century.

Dear as he was to his friends, and delightful as are our memories of his overflowing wit and his brilliant conversations, his writings entirely lack the elements of perpetuity. His essays and criticisms delight for the moment, but are related neither to philosophy nor religion, nor to the interpretation of the life of humanity. They entertain one, like the feats of the athlete, but make no permanent impression, and carry no one forward in any direction. They have nothing to do with the march of events, the progress of thought, or the comprehension of the universe.

JULIUS H. WARD.

## VITA STRAINGE.

THE night when Vita was born—Vita Strainge—youth came back to her father and mother. Indeed, they were like children excited over the discovery of a fledgling in the grass; and, imprudently enough, they spent nearly all the remaining hours of darkness in talk; making plans for her; dreaming audibly, articulately, about her future and the way in which her nature should unfold.

Here was a life, at last, that might be moulded into perfect happiness. That was the prevailing idea in the minds of Strainge and his wife; for Vita was to be an exception, of course—like all the first-born. Everything which they had once hoped to realize in their own careers, but had hardly accomplished, would reach complete fruition in her. Why not? It would be like the plant and its bloom. They themselves had grown up to a certain point only: doubtless they had once believed that they might become blossoms, but it turned out that they were the fibrous stuff of which the stalk is made, and nothing more. Vita was the flower. It was she who, springing into the light, brought the fulfilment of all that in them had been mere tendency or desire.

"We will call her Vita," half whispered her mother—a whisper as full of joy and expectancy as an early summer breeze among the tree-tops—"because she *is* life, and brings new life to us."

This was sure to gain the sympathy of her husband, Burton Strainge, and he agreed. For, though shrewdly practical in business, Strainge was a man in whom the ideal element went on like the delicate vibration of a musical tone long after the key from which it came has ceased to be touched. Starting out in youth with lofty aims, he had been forced to spend his best years in a long conflict for a livelihood, which merged at last into the slavery of care entailed by the desire to keep the wealth he had gained.

His father, a well-to-do tanner in northern New York, cast Burton off on account of his marriage to the daughter of a shiftless carpenter, although the girl was singularly refined and amiable. Then Burton bade farewell to the big red tannery buildings and the rushing river and the hard-featured homestead, and went to New

York. The metropolis, to many young countrymen, is like a distant, wealthy relative of whom they have often heard; a millionaire uncle, known to be crusty and inhospitable, but given to sudden fits of generosity. To this uncle the young men resort in their first great struggle, each imagining that he is the particular one who is to benefit by the old fellow's erratic bounty. But the purse-strings were not loosened for Burton Strainge; and that very fact drove him straight into the channel of fortune. Out on the New Jersey meadows, between Newark and New Brunswick, there stands a big factory where millions of labels, in all the colors of the rainbow, are printed by machinery—labels for boxes, bottles, rolls of cloth, labels for fruit-cans and tomato-cans. This factory represents the labors of Strainge, in partnership with another figurative nephew who had been disowned by the universal uncle, in building up a business from small beginnings. The many-colored labels had been rapidly converted into bits of paper, cheerfully green with Government promise. "Thank heaven!" thought Strainge, on Vita's birthnight; "I am in a position to do all that's possible toward securing my little girl's future and smoothing the path to it." Ease and the leisure for cultivation were beginning to have their way, but it was Vita who was to enjoy them completely. As his reverie upon these things passed off, like a mist rolling up from a sheet of water, Strainge said to his wife, in a low tone: "I remember how I used to feel a sort of pity for my father, because of his narrow horizon and limited life. Mine were to be so much more brilliant! But now, do you suppose our little girl—our Vita—will ever pity us in the same way?"

The mother smiled faintly. "Perhaps. But I shall not care, if only she never has reason to pity herself."

An end to night-shadows and night-talk, and dusky tracings of the past and future! The happy mother slept. Dawn, beginning as a translucent dimness, grew to a glory in the eastern sky, and the light of Vita's first day rested softly on the slumbering child's face. It was a light of quiet, glad surprise. It seemed like a veiled ray, shed from the lantern of some strong, patient watcher, thrown there to aid in exploring the small enigma and to illuminate its meaning.

Hundreds of times the same soft ray returned; and under its influence, or in response to its gentle inquiry, Vita's face revealed its growing capacity of expression. At twenty years, this was what it disclosed—a broad, calm forehead; slightly waving hair, of a deep,

warm hue, like the lees of wine, so dark that you had to look twice before you were sure of the reddish tinge; eyebrows nearly black, but, beneath them, brown eyes full of innocent ardor. The mouth was not very small; it was firm when in repose, but, the moment the lips moved, they seemed to tremble into curves of exquisite emotion—like unforeseen variations upon a simple melody. Yet no one would have said that Vita was especially an emotional young woman; and her complexion, which was neither rosy nor pale, strengthened the conviction that her character was pretty well balanced between the practical and the sentimental. Nevertheless, you could easily divine that, stored up within her beautiful individuality and within her graceful figure, there dwelt a power of passion which might take one course or another, unexpectedly.

Burton Strainge did not live to look very long upon this face in its youthful perfection; and when he died, suddenly, his will—made with his wife's formal concurrence—showed that he had left the bulk of his property—about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars—to Vita, with only a small annual income for her mother. Vita had been most elaborately educated, and had lived in Europe for a while, with her mother; but the little family had kept their home in New Brunswick. Both Strainge and his wife, however, planned for her entrance into a larger sphere. Their visions of her future were not yet a reality, and they had convinced themselves that, in order to carry out their dream, she must connect herself with the world of New York society. The great, heartless city, which had rejected Burton Strainge as a young man, should yet find itself compelled to recognize his daughter, who—although not extremely rich—had means enough to make herself respected there, provided she formed a suitable matrimonial alliance.

"Mind you," Strainge would often say, "nothing is to be sacrificed. We will not force her inclinations in any way. She must marry for love, or not at all. But a good deal depends on the surroundings. If she associates with unaristocratic, uninfluential people, she will marry one of them, of course. If she meets the other kind, she will marry one of *them*. It isn't necessary to command or persuade, but just arrange the surroundings."

In this way he and his wife had assured themselves that they were not going to use undue influence; and Mrs. Strainge was the first to propose that Vita should inherit most of the money at once. "I don't want some young fellow dangling around," she declared,

honestly, "and paying attention to me because he knows that the property is in my hands till I die, and will go to Vita afterwards."

Perfect confidence existed between the three; and Vita was fully informed of the arrangement, beforehand. But Strainge, notwithstanding, thought it advisable to settle a small income upon his wife. The scheme was unusual, but it recommended itself to the parents as one which would secure the end they had in view. Vita was to marry into a family having social position in New York; and she could do this much more readily if she appeared as the actual possessor of a snug sum than if she were merely the heiress to a moderate fortune. Strainge died happy in the idea that the victory for which he had fought so long was substantially won.

Naturally, under these circumstances, Walter Stanton was rejected when he offered himself to Vita. He was a sturdy young fellow, short of stature, fresh-complexioned, with a troublesome habit of wearing a soft felt hat and expressing opinions as uncompromisingly frank as the hat itself; yet all the while he was nothing but a subordinate in a large New York house that dealt in varnish. When Vita refused him, he took the result with unforeseen, unpremeditated dignity.

"I know," he confessed, as if some accusation had been brought against him, "I am not good enough."

Vita's lips parted, in that tremulous, musical way of theirs. "Oh, yes; you are *good* enough. But—I don't love you. I love no one but my father and mother. I don't even love myself; so why should you—love me?"

"I don't know why," said Stanton; "only it happens that way. I *do* love you and I can't help it."

She quivered at the words. It was delightful to hear them, yet it pained her, too. She gave him his dismissal.

From that day Stanton became studious, as well as increasingly diligent in business. There were two ways of winning her, he thought—by growing rich, or by cultivating his mind, so that he might take a higher position of some sort. To make sure, he resolved to pursue both ways.

Burton Strainge having died, Vita and her mother prepared to remove to New York. Their interest in the label-works was sold out, and the two women were now ready to assume their place as persons of leisure. They had taken apartments in town; but, before they went thither, and while they were visiting some friends on the

banks of the Passaic, in a little village of country-seats which had grown up deferentially around the mansions of certain old Dutch families, an incident occurred which had an important effect upon Vita's destiny. These ancient families, their connections and their friends, were now people of great consequence in New York society. One of the branches of one of the families was represented by Anthony Moment, a young man of excellent position—tall, athletic, of polished manners, yet vivacious, too. He was a man, apparently, of means. He had no very exacting business occupation beyond investing his property sagaciously, but he spent a fixed number of hours at his office, daily. Nevertheless, he was always on hand at Viremont (that was the name of the select hamlet of villas) early in the afternoon, ready to play lawn-tennis on the greenswarded private grounds, shaded by lofty trees, which were maintained in common by the residents. In these daily games Vita was almost constantly Moment's partner or adversary.

At first her only desire was to have her own side win the game; but after a time she noticed that she did not enjoy victory nearly so well if it involved defeat for Moment; and by and by it became a positive pleasure to be defeated by him. How curious this was! What could it mean? she asked herself. In a word, Vita had become subtilely fascinated, without knowing it.

There were drives and walks, and there was boating on the river; and when the day for a special match at the amusement grounds came, after long preparation, the leaves of the tall trees whispered above their heads, and the ladies who saw those two together seemed inclined to emulate the example of the talkative leaves, by whispering around and behind the pair. There was some diversity of opinion, of course, as to whether a union between Vita and the young man would be desirable. Some of the more recent dwellers in Viremont, and especially those with small incomes, whose chief social hold was in the fact that they had come to live in the same place with the Conterroys and Van Sandhuysens, and had been recognized by them—these new-comers, I say, were greatly in favor of a matrimonial engagement which now seemed so probable.

"Miss Strainge is a lovely girl and very accomplished," said they. "And Mr. Moment would show his good sense if he married her, instead of searching for a wife among the few good-looking girls of old family who don't happen to be related to him, or the very rich heiresses who would like to be."

It was evident, from the tone of remarks like this, that the advocates, though they seemed intent chiefly on praising Vita and approving the good sense which Moment was possibly going to show, felt likewise that Vita's marriage to him would be a vicarious victory for them.

But the Conterroys, and other persons of similarly proud position, shook their heads a little, and murmured that it was hardly the thing one would expect Anthony to do. The Van Sandhuysens, owing to Anthony's being a relative, felt that it would be indelicate to discuss the matter at all, and they treated Vita and her mother very sweetly. On this account, if not also because of the maiden's own charms, the Conterroys concluded to treat her sweetly, as well. It will be evident to all impartial observers that this made the situation perfectly agreeable for Vita.

Stanton still kept up an acquaintance; for, as we have seen, he still meant to win her. The Strainges had said that they hoped to see him wherever they were to be after leaving their old home; and this hope he decided to repay on the instalment plan, by coming to see them at Viremont first of all.

"You seem very gay," Vita said to him, after they had been chatting. "I think I never heard you talk so much, or so well either. Yes," she added, with the air of a woman who, being free from all further thought of him as an admirer, could properly play the patron or intellectual connoisseur; "yes, certainly you have improved. What have you been doing?"

"Oh," he answered, with good-humored modesty, "reading—studying a little."

"Reading up for conversation?" she laughed. "What else?"

"Thinking of you."

Then she looked at him attentively, with rather a gentle smile; flushed very faintly, but not from displeasure, and said: "If you think of me, that is something you must not talk about. But on the whole, I must tell you that you are not even to think of me."

Stanton, although they were out of doors, uncovered his head, as if in the presence of authority. "But it is improving for me to do so. Don't you want me to go on improving?" he inquired, with a little twinkle in his eye.

"Of course, for your own sake."

"Well, I will tell you what I'll agree to," he resumed. "I agree, under compulsion, not to think of you; but I will come to see you oftener, and that will be still more improving."

Vita reflected that he had really become brighter than she at first perceived. But, this time, she did not tell him so; and shortly afterward, amid the fragrant murmur of the breezes, and the splash of waves in the river, along which he had come, Stanton disappeared again, rowing himself; seeming to melt away and become a part of these murmurs and wavelets and perfumes; not at all an ungraceful mode of disappearance, you will admit, and one which was in his favor. For it gave Vita a pleasant, dreamy impression of his coming and going; and she quietly set it down in her mind that he was to be expected again during their Viremont visit. Just when he would come she did not inquire, nor care very much; although, now and then, on some fresh morning, she would idly wonder if that was to be the day.

Anthony Moment, however, had the advantage; and something now happened which made him suddenly a hero to her. She and her mother had been once at the Van Sandhuysens', to take tea, and, as they were to leave Viremont in a few days, Miss Triphosia Van Sandhuysen had resolved upon the singularly bold and unforeseen step of inviting them to pass those remaining days at the mansion over which she now presided.

Privately she had said to a younger married sister, "I want to see more closely for myself what that girl is. She looks like an actress, or as if she'd take it into her head to be one some time, with that queer, dark-red hair and the contrast of her eyes and black eyebrows."

This being repeated by the younger married sister to her cousin Anthony, he said, "If she looks like an actress, it must be like an actress of the highest order, whose gift is, impersonating a good and beautiful girl." When Vita came, he was tempted to ask his aunt, if she were so displeased by the color of the girl's hair, why she did not lend Vita one of her own enchanting wigs; but he denied himself the pleasure.

The Sandhuysen mansion was precisely what Vita most admired in the way of a country-house. It was a square old edifice, with a porch which was a model of gravity, and a high, solid, dormered roof of the kind that seems to grow darker and more ponderous as years go by, with the conscious pride of having sheltered so many members of one family; as if, in short, it had had a good deal to do with conferring their distinction upon them (which it *has*). At the front and side, beyond the drive, lay a well-cropped lawn and an old-time



garden on a stately scale, with box hedges between which you would naturally expect to see appearing, at almost any moment, the dignified ghost of some ancient Van Sandhuysen, out for a constitutional, and using a tall staff for a walking-cane. The land sloped down to the river, near the margin of which the formal garden gave place to irregular clumps of bushes, open spots, and thickets with benches in their shadow; a huge tulip-tree slanting across the water-view beyond. Here was the boat-house; and here, the second morning after Vita's arrival, she entered the boat with Anthony for a row down the river.

They had not gone very far, when, at a bend in the broad stream—where they were gliding swiftly, close by a stretch of trees that hung their long branches out over the water, and almost down into it—another boat, coming in an opposite direction, shot out from under the arcade of drooping boughs. There was but one person in it; a man. He and his boat had been screened from them by the branches, a moment before; so that, though Vita saw him now, it was too late. Anthony, pulling, with his back to the other man, of course could not see him. The crash of the collision came instantly; and Vita, who was too much surprised to jump up or otherwise endanger the balance of their own boat, saw that it had stove in the bow of the smaller one, which was filling, and sinking with a rush. The unknown oarsman, who had no time to do anything for himself, looked around swiftly, startled and angry. Vita recognized him as Walter Stanton; but she had just done so, when he and his boat went down together. It was a plunge and one loud gurgle; no more.

"Oh, Mr. Moment, save him, save him!" she cried; "I know that man."

"Doesn't he swim?" Anthony asked.

"I don't know," said Vita, rather indignantly. "I only see that he isn't swimming now."

"By Jove, that's so!" Moment agreed. "He doesn't seem to rise." He was in light boating costume, favorable to a dive and a rescue. "Take the oars," he said, "and try to keep near us." And with that he shot overboard, making the boat rock fearfully.

Scarcely had he disappeared before Stanton came to the surface, but there was something very strange in his appearance and behavior. He had a bewildered, half-conscious look; he moved his arms feebly—just enough, it seemed, to buoy him up; but he remained

in one spot, the tide rippling around him as if he were a fixed log. And now his head began to droop. Anthony Moment, knowing the river, had slipped into it with a shallow dive, and had worked his way back toward the spot, searching with his eyes, and dreading lest, any instant, he should feel an arm or a leg clutched by the drowning man—which would make an end of them both. Coming up to breathe, he discovered Stanton, understood the situation at once, and dived again. He soon got hold of Stanton's foot, which had been caught in a long projecting root of one of the overhanging trees twenty feet away. He freed it, and rose in time to prevent the owner of the foot from sinking again. "Hands on my shoulders!" he shouted to Vita's friend. Stanton understood, and flung his arms listlessly, yet with a despair that made Vita shudder, upon the athlete's shoulders; whereupon his head drooped again, and he became unconscious. Anthony swam with him to the shore; but it was no small struggle to get him there, for a tide ebbs and flows in the Passaic, and as it was now running out it added its force to the natural current, making one of those stretches like flumes, but less rapid, which are to be found at various points along its course.

This double current had another effect. Vita found it impossible, with her small strength and little skill in rowing, to withstand the stream. She kept floating farther off, farther down, during the scene which had enacted itself so suddenly there; by a strange chance putting the two men whom she knew best in the world—the two who seemed to have become her lovers—into peril of their lives, and leaving her in a solitude of dread. She was too far off to give them any help at the critical moment; but she had no fear for herself, being convinced that she must sooner or later drift within sight or reach of some one who would bring her back. Before long, however, she began to feel water about her feet; and then, indeed, fear came to her. The boat must have been hurt in the collision, and had sprung a leak!

Anthony did not at once think of that, when he saw her plight. But by the time he had gained the land, deposited Stanton there, and decided to hurry along the bank so that he might swim out to her aid, it occurred to him that she might sink. This thought helped him to double speed, as he flew over the ground, hurled himself over a fence, and regained the water's edge, opposite the boat.

He was panting with the run; he was half exhausted by the

severe effort and the terrible excitement of the rescue. But he hesitated only a moment. "Pull out into the stream," he called to Vita, knowing that by doing so she would get out of the current.

She watched him coming, after the long sideward spring and headlong plunge that had carried him well out from the shore; watched him as he swam across the width of swifter water; and she did as he had told her to, although it seemed cruel and inexplicable to her that she should deliberately pull away from him, making the distance longer for him. At that moment—as he reached through the thick flood with long lunges of the arm—she felt his power. The sense of it overmastered and enveloped her. He was coming to save her, but it seemed also, in her trembling wonder at the whole experience, that he was going to seize her for his own. There was something of surrender mingled with the rescue. This, though, lasted but for a minute. She was soon engrossed in the excitement of getting back to shore in time to revive Stanton. For Anthony Moment was in the boat now, and bending steadily to the oars. He laid his course up the slower part of the tide, worked quickly across the race and got in among the arcaded boughs; then he helped Vita ashore, and dragged the boat far enough up for safety. It was a third full of water.

Anthony had laid Stanton face downward across a tree-root which raised his waist higher than the head. A terrible chill crept through Vita, at the prostrate man's look of death; but Anthony went to work trying to start respiration in the poor fellow's lungs. Vita helped him as well as she could. It was a hard task; but at length Stanton came to, and then his return to consciousness was surprisingly quick.

"I was coming up to see you," he explained to Vita. "I was very hot from rowing, and ran my boat under the branches there to cool off before going ahead. When I was ready to go on, I started out through the narrow opening without seeing or hearing your boat, and"—his voice grew faint—"you know—"

"Yes; don't talk, though. Do you feel weak?"

He nodded, languidly.

"Let's go to the house," said Anthony. "We shall have to walk, now."

"Oh!" exclaimed Vita, suddenly blushing, and all the warmth of life seemed to come back to her as it had to the half-drowned man. "I forgot! This is Mr. Moment. He saved you."

Anthony, smiling in embarrassment, explained: "There was no time for an introduction."

Stanton's eyes lighted, and he held out his hand. "Thank you," he said; and added awkwardly, as if he were dictating his signature to those words of gratitude: "Walter Stanton."

Anthony took the hand, cordially, and then helped him to rise. The three set off on their short walk, slowly at first, the one drenched man supporting the other drenched man, and Vita going on Stanton's other side.

Did it ever occur to you that, under certain circumstances, it may be uncomfortable, and even humiliating, to be saved from death by accidental drowning? Such an idea had never before crossed Walter Stanton's mind. But now, ridiculous though it seemed, he could not get over a feeling of mortification that he had been drawn out of the river by the handsome young fellow who was visiting his remote aunt in the same house with Vita. He was taken in with commiserating cordiality, was given some dry clothes which did not fit, and was treated to a restorative luncheon, with wine and brandy.

But Anthony Moment was the hero of the hour. He himself was merely the crude and somewhat clumsy material of the morning's romance; Anthony was the artist who had handled it skilfully and now got all the credit. It was clear, too, that in the eyes of Mrs. Strainge his advent at the house in such a piteous and sensational guise was regarded as an intrusion—a manner of making calls which was in bad taste. What hurt him much more was that Vita could not conceal her admiration of Moment and his splendid behavior, as her eyes followed him about, or while she repeated the story to various persons, each time recalling some new detail of his gallant action.

As soon as he could obtain his garments he insisted—despite some polite protest—on going over to the Viremont station and taking the train home. But Anthony insisted, for his part, on driving him over, and with him Stanton felt more at ease. When they parted, he once more took Anthony's hand, and said, with an emotion which he tried to control: "I want to thank you again, Mr. Moment, and to say right here that—I don't know that my friendship is of much value to *you*, but—I shall always think of myself as your friend, on whom you may count."

"Thank you, too," Anthony returned, in a simple, manly way. "I am sure we shall be friends."

It was the day when the Strainges were to say good-by. Vita was alone in the wilder part of the garden—why had she gone there?—when she beheld Anthony coming down one of the box-hedged walks towards her. She had been thinking much of him since the rescue; in truth, she had dreamed of him. If she were not dreaming now, had she come out here to think still further?

In his soft white flannels, with a loose coat of different tint and a little flannel cap, there was an easy comfort which set off his strong figure well. She liked to see him in this costume almost better than in any other. The luxurious laziness of it pleased her; for, in the first place, it spoke of the atmosphere in which she wanted to dwell, and, in the second place, she was not deceived by it, because she knew how much he could do when he chose.

The young man was equally glad to see her in the dress she had chosen, which at a distance looked like a mist of delicately prevailing lilac colors.

"'O warble me now, for joy of lilac-time,'" he murmured to himself, as he advanced; for he had read Whitman. The time of lilacs had long passed, but they seemed to have returned, embodied in Vita.

"You have a nice day for travelling," he said.

She looked at him mutely, almost as if he had wounded her. "Yes," said she, and smiled; but her lips seemed to tremble slightly. Still, he had often noticed this in her, and could not tell how much it really expressed.

"It may sound mean," he went on, as they strolled toward a bench (this bench was not in sight from the house); "but I hope you're sorry to go."

"Both glad and sorry," she answered, taking a place on the bench and giving a little shrug of the shoulders, which Miss Triphosia had described as one of her actress tricks. "I am longing for the sea-shore."

And then they talked idly for a while, Anthony standing and looking at her with a good deal of intensity, which she at least appeared not to notice. But as their conversation was not especially novel, it need not be repeated. It was only when she glanced up swiftly, and said: "Mr. Moment!" that the tone changed. "There

is something I must say about—the accident.” They had not spoken of this, alone together, since it happened, but Vita had made her acknowledgments by praising him to others, in his hearing.

“I hope you’re not going to say anything laudatory,” he declared, in a nervous way. “Really, I—”

“You have had greatness enough thrust upon you, I suppose,” she broke in. “Well, I wasn’t actually drowning”—and here, oddly enough, she laughed—“so I am not sure that you saved my life. But,” she added, becoming serious again, “I feel that I owe it to you, and I wanted to tell you that, before going.”

“I shall be glad to think,” he said, hesitating, “that you have any such pleasant feeling about me—if it *is* pleasant.”

“Oh, I assure you it is!” she exclaimed, frankly; and there was no doubting her eyes. She was very young, and had not much concealment; but she was frightened, she hardly knew why, by what she had said. Her eyes fell, and she asked, timidly: “Why, wouldn’t *you* be pleased at having your life saved by a friend?”

Anthony could almost have laughed aloud in his delight, yet he had never felt so serious, so earnest, as he did just then. “That depends. Now, if you had saved mine—” he began.

Their eyes met, and the whole story was told—told in so far that their mutual love was then made known.

But in these cases the electric flash of passion has to be followed by the slower train of mere words, even though the train sometimes goes off the track.

Vita’s head sank, and she listened to the strong, subdued voice pouring out words, sometimes vehemently, at other times with hesitation, but always bringing the same refrain to her heart. He loved her; he wished her to marry him; he tried to show her that if she did so she would do much more than save his life: she would be creating his life, if she gave him her own.

At last she answered him. “I think a great deal of you. I—I don’t know why I cannot say anything more; but—I think I would like to wait.”

It was not until he had followed her to the sea-shore, two weeks later, that she said more. Then, one evening when the moon, reddened by a mist, loomed above the beach and searched out the lurking deep-red hues in Vita’s hair, she answered her suitor again. And, as the moon rose higher and clearer, it shone for Vita on a new world.

Mrs. Strainge thoroughly approved of her daughter's choice. Vita was only twenty-two, but it was all the better that happiness should come to her early, in so secure a form. For Moment was well off and had no immediate family; there were only the distinguished cousins and remote aunts, and he had many wealthy friends of excellent position. Moreover, he proposed that as soon as Vita and he should be settled, Mrs. Strainge should come to live with them.

Vita herself, when Stanton had vanished for the second time, and again, when she was considering Anthony's proposal, had experienced a puzzling feeling about her first admirer, which she finally analyzed as being pity. She had asked herself whether she was unduly dazzled by the difference in Anthony Moment's prospects and high connections, but she became sure that she loved him only for himself, his character and heroism. "Am I not independent?" she thought. "I have no need to be dazzled. I choose him because I love him."

Anthony would not hear of living in the apartments which had been engaged. "My dear," he said, "it would hardly comport with our position. We must have a house." And he secured one, which they fitted up with a good deal of elegance in a quiet taste. The wedding, in the autumn, satisfied even those rigorous persons who write the chronicles of society for the Sunday papers. The Van Sandhuysens, the Conterroys, and every one else were there, who could add the lustre which Vita and her husband and mother believed in: and when, after the honeymoon, Vita was at home in the new house, Mrs. Strainge, agreeing that it was wiser and more convenient to combine their resources, came to live with them, the apartment having been re-let.

The new world on which the moon had risen for Vita was now flooded with sunshine, too. It must be added that gas-light mingled with the varied illumination; for, besides Vita's receptions, there were other at-homes, teas, evening receptions, and balls—to say, nothing of the opera, the theatres, and private theatricals which had charity for all and only a little malice toward any one. The exhilaration of all this, to Vita, was very great. There was not much elegant leisure about it, such as Burton Strainge had hoped for; it was, however, elegant activity. Vita accepted it as a very cheerful form of culture, besides; although it left little room for the culture of reading and thinking. But why shouldn't she like it, since she herself was a success? For Vita went nearly everywhere that she wanted to go, and captivated nearly every one.

"What a pity it is," said her mother to her one night as she sat before the fire, dressed to go out, and waiting for the carriage, "that your father could not have lived to see all this. He would have been so proud. And how he would have enjoyed it!"

Vita did not answer at once. She shook her head, and smiled with a gentle sadness. "Do you think he would have enjoyed it?" she asked, and then sighed: "I know he would have been proud, but—poor dear papa!"

Instantly there came into the mother's mind that query of his on the birthnight: "Do you suppose she will ever pity us?" and she knew that the time had come. Vita was looking back and pitying her father, as a man who would scarcely have felt himself a fitting part of her gay and splendid world. Mrs. Strainge remembered how she had said to Burton that she would not be sorry even if their child did pity their inferiority; and indeed, she thought, with a slight pang, how could she be sorry since Vita was so joyous?

The young wife herself, in these days, often came back to the reflection that her father would have been proud. She knew something about Burton Strainge's ambition, and his pride now became hers. She liked to fancy that his spirit was with her, leading her on. But sometimes it led her farther than her husband wanted to go.

Anthony Moment was obliged to give some time to business, and the management of his own and his wife's property. In the beginning she had said to him: "You know this money is all mine, but I don't understand how to take care of it, and sha'n't have time to, with all my social duties."

"I will take care of it," said Anthony.

"Yes; put it with yours. It will be safe there. Your affairs are prosperous, are they not?"

"Yes, indeed. It would be odd if they were not, now." He gave her a kiss, which seemed to be the only seal needed to the agreement.

He seldom said anything about his operations, and this caused everything to go on with serenity at home. He devoted a good deal of time to his horses, and had his clubs to attend to, as well as the business affairs; and the clubs, as Vita understood, were an essential part of their social outworks, in the general position which they held. But Anthony, notwithstanding these occupations, was nearly always at her command for most of the social engagements where



she needed him, and was quite ready to go to the opera with her, being a devoted husband in these as in other ways.

So, at any rate, matters proceeded during the first year. In the next year Vita's child was born—a daughter, who came in the spring—and the summer was passed in the country, more quietly than any of their time had been until then. Naturally, Vita took less part, also, in the gayeties of the winter season that followed; and when their daughter died, after little more than a year, the deep shadow of that loss shut out Anthony and his wife from the blaze in which they had been moving.

Of Walter Stanton they had seen nothing since their marriage; but he wrote them now a letter, exquisitely tender, in sympathy with their suffering. He had not come to the wedding, but had sent, afterward, a simple card of congratulation. The reason for this was as well known to Anthony as to Vita, since she had long before told him of Stanton's aspiration; and neither of them missed their absent friend. But they did not know the struggle it had cost him, even to send that card. In his heart he said: "I do *not* congratulate them. Why should I pretend to?" and the fight went on in him for some time. It seemed to him an unpardonable offence in this man to have saved his life and destroyed his hopes. Vita's choice, moreover, was unspeakably cruel; it was almost as if there were malice in it. He fancied that if she had married any one else it would have been very different. Can you tell why he had this feeling? I cannot, logically, but I think most of us would have had it under the same circumstances. He conquered it, finally, convincing himself that he was in a manner glad of anything that made her glad.

And now came this letter, which they both felt to be a forgiveness to them—for what? Well, for *his* having felt bitter. It touched them deeply, nevertheless, and they wrote to thank him together.

"Do you wish to see him?" Anthony asked his wife.

"Not—now," she answered, slowly; believing that it would be better never to see him. But she read the letter many times, and thought of him with a new appreciation of something in him to which she had never done justice.

It was only after they emerged from the period of retirement caused by their sorrow that differences arose between Vita and her husband as to the scale of their expenses and the things they should

do or not do. It was now that her thirst for society, her desire for power, her pride, took on alarming proportions.

Anthony knew that they had for some time been living beyond their income. He had begun on that plan almost at once, because he wished to gratify Vita; but also, perhaps, because of a weakness which made him unwilling to fall short of the estimate she had made as to his position. With their "combined resources"—the phrase which he had once used to Mrs. Strainge—he kept hoping that he should make up the deficiency through some fortunate turn, not of the stock-market—for that he dreaded—but in some one of his ventures. Now, to make up a deficiency was the one thing he could not do; had never done. He had lost a good deal of his own formerly moderate possessions, and he did not know how to work. He was still running behind, now.

Vita began giving more showy entertainments: she ordered costlier dresses. "My dear child," he said to her, "instead of doing that we ought to be cutting down."

"What do you mean?" she inquired, indignantly. "Isn't there all my property to support it?"

"Yes, but the income won't be enough."

"Well, then, there's yours. Our combined resources——"

What could he say? He had taken a fatal path, and he dared not confess. His weakness returned; his old desire to stand high, not to shatter any vision inspired by himself. Before long, instead of opposing, he began to share his wife's schemes with an excitement even keener than hers.

He launched an ambitious building enterprise; increased his daily outlay lavishly; but his rents did not come in satisfactorily from the new enterprise. Then he sold some real-estate privately, and began to twist and turn, conducting everything with caution, so as to conceal what he was about. He borrowed money, and then borrowed in small sums to pay the interest. When these small sums were due, he borrowed from another friend to repay the first.

"Don't you think it's rather queer?" young Scott Conteroy asked a friend at his club. "Last night Moment asked me to lend him five hundred. Of course, I gave it to him, but——"

"Oh, it's nothing. That's like *my* borrowing five dollars if I were out late. Five hundred is only cab-money for Anthony Moment, nowadays."

"Well, I thought it was a small sum for him to be borrowing," said Conteroy. "That's what was queer."

But there were queerer things than that. Anthony had at last mortgaged everything. Frequently, now, he took away with him, in going down town, some of Vita's most valuable jewelry, to be cleaned or repaired by a special man he knew of, and he was very forgetful about bringing it back.

In a quiet office on Broadway, with a quiet staircase, a man named Gathers did business behind a sign which announced him as a dealer in watches. That was all that appeared in the outer room; but to the initiated Gathers was known as a select pawnbroker; and there was an interior office, entered by a door so placed that any one wishing to go in could do so while seeming to be going up or down stairs. From that inner room Gathers, returning one day to the large office, said to a confidential friend:

"That was Anthony Moment. He's putting up everything now; wife's jewelry and his own—everything. Then he'll come and take the jewelry out, and bring it back again. Why, I've known him to borrow the money to take his mortgaged horses on to Newport. He's mortgaged his church-pew, too—up in St. Visigoth's; and, if you'll believe me, he's mortgaged his cemetery-lot. Yes, sir."

Yet, even when he had come to this pass, Anthony was able to keep afloat for months longer. Of course, it could not continue, and by this time Vita had been forced to diminish her luxuries and displays considerably, from sheer lack of money, and from excess of credit given on accounts which she supposed to have been paid. Anthony explained it as an embarrassment, inevitable at times; and she, all sympathy at this confession, began to retrench.

Then came a day when Gathers said to his confidential friend, as a dusky figure slipped out upon the staircase: "Moment wanted to borrow five dollars to carry him over Sunday. I wouldn't do it."

In truth, it was as if Anthony had been living in an immense egg and had eaten out all the meat. Nothing but the shell was now left; and that was about to be crushed.

He no longer took Vita and her mother to Newport, but to a modest place on the Sound, where they boarded. The autumn had been full of glorious colors, but the leaves were all gone now; and Vita was sitting at the window, in the afternoon, enjoying the cool, soft colors of November—the delicately gray tree trunks; the silent, shrouded light on the inlet, foretelling snow, and the blue Sound

beyond the Neck. Anthony came out from town and said to her: "We must leave this place."

"Leave? Why?"

"I have no money left."

"Anthony!"

"No, none. It is all gone—yours, too."

The gray sky darkened slightly. There came a gust against the window, showering handfuls of small round flakes on the painted roof below the sill. Winter had begun.

At first, Vita's grief and wrath were dumb. There was her husband, not quite as stalwart as formerly; rather careworn; still handsome, but utterly shattered in her sight. And it was only five years since— Her despair and contempt burst forth in burning words, and he could not face her.

"Ah, if he were only strong!" she cried to her mother, when he had gone. "Strength might have been borne. But this weakness will kill me!"

Anthony did not reappear. As a last resort he had gone to his rich relations; but they had been only distant ones, at the best, and they were now more distant than ever. He stayed in New York, making no effort to hide; he had ruined his life, and had not the courage to carry the fragments elsewhere. But no one saw him. Vita and her mother followed him to the city, and took obscure lodgings; for everything was gone, and they had now only Mrs. Strainge's small interest to live on.

Every atom of her love for the man who had so treacherously and, as she thought, sordidly wronged her seemed to have departed from her. "I will have him put in prison!" she declared, fiercely, to her mother, who found that she was powerless to prevent it. Vita consulted a lawyer; Anthony was found; and, after due process, was put into Ludlow Street Jail.

Vita returned to her lodging, shaken, worn out, made miserable by her triumph. But, as she had fancied that her father's pride had been with her approvingly in her short prosperity, so she now tried to console herself and her mother by believing that he would have been gratified by this revenge. For two days she did not stir from the house. On the third, a card was brought to her from a gentleman who waited below. It was Stanton.

"Why does he come now?" she said to her mother. "Is he

mean and treacherous, too? He has come to see me in my misfortune, because I did not marry him. I will not go down!"

But Stanton would not be put off. He sent up another message: "I beg you, come. You ought to hear me."

She went down, and for an instant forgot everything else in surprise at the change in him. He looked much older; his manner was serious and reserved; he was dressed as becomes a man well-to-do. And, as she took his hand, she said involuntarily: "Am *I* so changed, too?"

Upon his face there was only the shadow of a long-forgotten smile, as he answered: "No, I don't think you can ever change." He paused only a breath's space before continuing: "I have come, Mrs. Moment, to ask you to pardon him—to let him out of jail."

She shrank and trembled, touching a chair with one hand. "My—husband? No! I will die before I will forgive him!"

Stanton looked at her patiently. In secret his eye was following those musical curves of her lips, drinking in the light of her eyes, her face and hair. Then he said: "Let me change those words a little. You will *forgive* him before you *die*."

"Never," declared Vita, more firmly. "I could have forgiven a great deal, but not this. He is a coward!"

There was a flash like resentment in Stanton's glance; but it died, and he answered, "He did not use to be a coward, in one way. He saved my life, and, I think, yours."

"Yes, yes; but he has destroyed mine, now. Why do you come to ask this?"

"Because it is right," said Stanton; "and because I—I do not want you to be more unhappy than you need. It can do no good; you will not recover your property, and you will only make yourself wretched by revenge."

"My father would have wished it, I know—I am sure," she retorted. And the hardness that came into her face was like that of Burton Strainge in his grim moments.

"Well," said Stanton, turning to go, "you refused the only other petition I ever made. I hope you'll consider this one."

He went to the prison and saw Anthony. What a meeting with his rescuer, after years of strangership! But he did nothing to show that he was aware of any difference in the surroundings.

"How are you doing now?" Anthony asked him, presently.

"I am doing well—almost rich, for me," was the quiet answer.

"I told you I was your friend. Why didn't you come to me for the little help I could give, or for sympathy?" Anthony wrung his hand. "I want your wife to let you out," Stanton concluded.

"Why?" said Anthony. "Forgive me? What use, when I can't forgive myself?"

"That's the very reason," said Stanton, dryly.

A boy passed the open cell, shoving a basket on the gallery-rail. "Bread?" he shouted, questioningly. Another came along with a huge can, and shouted "Tea." This was the food for the prisoners who bought their own fare. Anthony took neither.

Stanton went away, and the next morning a hamper arrived for Anthony, containing bread, cooked meats, wine, and fruit. This was repeated each day, and so were Stanton's visits. He kept going back and forth between Vita's poor abode and the prison, sometimes carrying trivial little messages about some necessary detail; and he also gained Mrs. Strainge's aid in persuading Vita. But Vita seemed pitiless; or, at least, unchangeable.

At last she was taken ill, and a dangerous fever developed. She lay wrapped in its deadly glow for two or three weeks, sometimes more clear in mind than at others, but always in danger. It seemed as if the fire of her life, turned inward, were consuming her; and once, when Stanton was allowed to see her, he had a strange fancy that the heat of fever possessing her whole frame made her look like a burning human coal, alive in its own dying. He had the papers for Anthony's release all ready and a notary in attendance, in case she should relent at any hour. It was well; for she awoke one morning, saying that she felt better. "Where is Anthony?" she asked, looking around; and then, as she comprehended; "Oh, bring him to me! I forgive, forgive!"

With difficulty she signed the papers; and to Stanton, hurrying out, the doctor whispered: "She cannot live."

An hour or two later, Anthony, a free man, returning with Stanton, knelt at her bedside. She laid one hand on his head and smiled almost rapturously. ". . . Have forgiven," she whispered, and her spirit passed. The burning shape of life-heat had become ashes which still retained their lovely form.

And there, both in her presence at the same time, as they had never been but once before, were the two men; one who had loved her and robbed her, and one who had loved her and reunited them—there, on the threshold of death and the threshold of new life.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

## CRITICISMS, NOTES, AND REVIEWS.

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### THE INTERVIEW.

IT seems to be demonstrated by the history of newspapers in this country that the influence attaching to wide circulation is directly proportioned to the extent and accuracy with which the news is reported. Whatever that variable quantity may be, "the news" is universally supposed to include the opinions of men of moment upon current events, however expressed. This is, of course, the editor's vocation—he comments upon the significance of events, giving his opinion as a trained observer with certain known political or other predilections. But the impression upon others more directly concerned in the act recorded, or more specially qualified to judge of it, contributes to a more perfect interpretation. The interview has been devised for the collection of such impressions, as the newspaper is at hand to disseminate them. When it is considered that the point and timeliness of these opinions often depend upon their being prepared and printed in the space of a few hours, or even minutes, it is obvious that occasions are constantly arising when the interview is the most convenient, effective, and available method of communication between a person who has something to say and the people who will be benefited or entertained or interested by having it said.

Then, too, the interview is about the only means by which the public can learn some things which it has a distinct right to know and which it is the interest of designing persons to conceal. To take a recent example, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the newspapers of New York furnished the evidence on which the bribed alderman, Jaehne, was indicted, convicted, and sentenced; and in that dramatic episode there was no more effective "business" than an interview reluctantly granted, which was reproduced by the million copies over the land, and created an irresistible public sentiment against the shameless sale of office.

These interviews—they are only specialists' editorials with a personal interest added—are not published because the editors like them, but because people read them, talk about them, buy them. Newspapers are only incidentally agents of philanthropy. They are, like railroads, public conveniences, which must be made to pay their way or go down in the effort. They are, therefore, just what their readers make them. Like popularly elected representatives, they cannot be long or in a marked degree superior or inferior to the people by whom they are supported, or out of sympathy with them. They are as sensitive as possible to the tastes and *morale* of the

community in which they are published. A refined and cultivated community has refined and cultivated newspapers; a coarse and vulgar community has papers to match, and savages have none.

It is thus the newspaper's interest no less than its purpose to serve and please the greatest number of readers. As the majority of intelligent people hate to be deceived, enterprise in news-gathering is only of value when the news is correctly reported, otherwise the paper is discredited, and possibly grave injury done to itself as well as others. No newspaper wishes to publish anything, though it be of such a nature as to bring it into the hands of every citizen, if it can be proved untrue the next day. The risk is too great. Anybody who has ever been inside a newspaper office knows that there is always abundance of material that would be most entertaining reading and of a character to excite universal interest which is made unavailable by some defect in the proof of its actual truth. The laws of retribution, the written laws of libel, and the unwritten laws of competition and self-interest prevent the publication of most of that which is not true, or at least very probable. It is perhaps not too much to say that ninety-nine hundredths of all that is published by reputable papers is demonstrably true, and that a large part of the remainder is highly probable. Most people, to judge from common talk, do not believe this. They think a paper would as soon print falsehood as truth, so its columns were filled. Men declare the papers are choked with lies because of a single mistake in a column of names, and some very amiable moralists pretend to believe that people would go on buying a paper that had no regard for truth. No fallacy, indeed, could be more patent than that a newspaper is indifferent to the truth of its reports. And that which is true of the paper is measurably true of its employees. Though they may not share all the aims or the principles of the paper that employs them, they are shrewd enough to know that its interests are their interests, and that what brings discredit to the paper brings the same to them. This is the standpoint of the reputable editor. If the theory and the facts always corresponded there would be no doubt that interviewing is a legitimate means of gathering news.

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#### THE ETHICS OF INTERVIEWING.

JUST now, however, there is an abuse of this convenient device which needs to be emphasized and reiterated until the ear editorial shall tingle, and reform within the sanctum shall wisely anticipate revolution in the subscription list. Spurred on by competition, the interviewer is in swift process of evolution into a monster who combines the qualities of a Paul Pry, a Jack Sheppard, a Judas, and an Ananias. He is somehow led to believe that a readable and sensational article is the one thing needful, though obtained by intrusion, intimidation, treachery, or fabrication. No man's house is any longer his castle. Where the king, the constable, the landlord, and even the book-agent are barred out, the interviewer contrives to force himself in. Our



very thoughts are no longer our own, and we shall be forced ere long to distrust the very walls and beams of our bedrooms, and to disburden our secrets only to the buttercups and daisies of the honest earth. The streets are infested with journalistic footpads. We sit down at the dinner-table and try to be agreeable to our next neighbor; we receive a certified visitor—perhaps the son of an old friend—into our houses; or we talk with a literary *confrère* with an almost Bohemian freedom. And presently we find, to our dismay, that we have been telephoning our artless and perhaps only half-serious sayings into the public ear.

And, what is even worse, we find ourselves credited with conversations as imaginary as those which Landor concocts between Pericles and Sophocles, or Roger Ascham and Lady Jane Grey. A leading clergyman of New York was recently astounded to find in his paper the report of a sermon which he had never preached, announcing a complete theological summersault on his part. One of our suburban colleges had some hazing disturbances from a class of more than usually irrepressible sophomores. In twenty-four hours the town swarmed with interviewers, who buttonholed any one who was disposed to talk, and sped away with all the irresponsible gossip which chaffing student or pessimistic townsman might impart, supplemented by their own invention. At another time a representative of one of the "great" New York papers found his unannounced way to the very door of a professor's library, and demanded an interview. It was almost necessary to kick him out before he would acquiesce in the repeated declaration: "I have nothing to say." And the next morning the *Trumpeter* had a column and a half of the professor's conversation! It is next to impossible to obtain insertion for a correction of newspaper reports, and then only to incur an issue of veracity between yourself and the paper.

The first stage toward a mitigation of the interviewing nuisance has already been reached, in an awakened and indignant public sentiment. The question has grown into an "agitation." The journalists are everywhere thrown upon their defence. The deadly interviewer has committed his outrages in quarters which are conspicuous in the eyes of the world, and upon persons for whose honor the people are peculiarly sensitive. He has tried to force his way into the very bridal chamber of the President of the United States. He has betrayed the confidence of our most honored literary man and representative American. The Oxford Professor of English Literature has been made to feel how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a journalistic friend, and how one may not even receive into his house a member of the staff of a quarterly review, lest he entertain a reporter unawares.

This awakening of public sentiment ought speedily to be followed by a concerted dropping of the offensive papers in favor of the less objectionable, or, better yet, in the substitution of a class of journals conducted on the principle of self-respect, and of respect for their readers. We do not believe that our civilization is hopelessly vandalized, nor that the gentleman has become an extinct species.

But still another remedy may be needed, viz.: placing the responsibility for the abuse of interviewing where it belongs, on the editor in chief or proprietor (nowadays usually the same). He alone is vulnerable. He generally claims to be a gentleman, and is ambitious to be recognized in honorable, if not refined, society. It is idle for him, and an additional insult, to transfer accountability to the shoulders of some scapegoat reporter, even if it were not true, as the *Evening Post* distinctly charges, that it has never known an interviewer dismissed for the mere scandalousness or untruthfulness of his report. A single word from him, a nod, would be enough to convert the most impudent interviewer into a Sidney, and the most mendacious reporter into a very photographer of news. When the professor already mentioned met his interviewer again, he intimated to him with great frankness a strong disposition to horsewhip him. "No, you won't," was the newspaper man's reply. "In the first place, you are not rich enough to afford the luxury. And in the second place, you know that I am only a poor penny-a-liner, who have to earn my living by serving the purposes of my employer. An interview was expected of me, and I had to furnish it as best I could. If I had not, some one else would." And so say they all.

Let us hope, however, that these abuses have reached a point where a reformation may be effected from the good sense and rightmindedness of the conductors of our newspapers themselves. Is it too much to expect that the following will be the established code of all respectable journalism?

1. The business of the newspaper is to furnish private people with the public news, not to furnish the public with the news of private people.

2. A private conversation is as sacred as private correspondence (and it has just been decided that even a prisoner's correspondence is sacred from every eye but his own). An interlocutor has no more right to publish my private conversation than to ransack my drawers for private papers.

3. It must be taken for granted that a conversation is private unless it is distinctly understood to be meant for public use, either by previous arrangement, or by express permission afterwards.

4. When so made public, it must not be printed until both parties to the conversation have agreed as to the accuracy of the report.

These conditions are so self-evident that it seems like a truism to state them. And we have yet to see a denial of their propriety by a reputable newspaper man. The stock excuse for breaches of these rules is, that the exigencies of a daily publication render it frequently impracticable to observe these safeguards. Our reply is, that if a thing cannot be decently done, it is not decent to do it. If, as our journalistic friends contend, the public "hates to be deceived," and is so vigilant to detect and reprove inaccuracy, it can certainly be depended on to endure a little delay for the truth's sake. Are we no longer to cherish the dream of the rude past, when the press set up a claim to be an educating influence, and sought to draw the people up to higher living and wiser thinking rather than to lower itself to their baser

and more frivolous instincts? There is little hope of educating people out of their vulgar and gossiping tastes, by making every breakfast-table a School for Scandal!

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MR. LOWELL ON EDUCATION.

THE oration of Mr. Lowell on the 250th anniversary of Harvard College has more than a local significance, and addresses itself especially to such institutions as are passing from collegiate to university forms and methods. In this country we have not yet reached a general consensus of opinion as to what constitutes a university. Some apply the term to a collection of schools, more or less united under a common governing board. According to this meaning of the term the college is the central unit, around which may be gathered a law school, a medical school, a theological, scientific, or other special schools. At some point in the growth, when the combination approaches the dignity of its ideal, the name university is assumed to designate the enlarged organization. A second use of the term describes those institutions whose growth consists not in the aggregation of schools, but in the multiplication of departments and teachers. In this view a university is an institution which aims to secure the means for giving instruction in every recognized branch of learning. When new departments have been added, and the college offers much more than the ordinarily limited curriculum, such an institution, with equal justice, assumes the name university. Both of these uses of the term are based upon the simple notion of teaching, implying a body of teachers, on the one hand, and a body of students, on the other. There is a third use of the term university, based upon the wider notion of learning. The aim of such an institution is to advance research. Teachers and taught are students together, working for the enlargement of human knowledge. The germ of such a university is a single investigator, and it grows into an assemblage of productive minds. We have placed this conception of a university in a separate class for the sake of emphasizing its fundamental principle. For, though a college should gather to itself a large number of special schools, or should multiply its departments to cover the whole range of human knowledge, if it have not this productive impulse it fails in the most important function a university has to perform.

Mr. Lowell tells us that, more than thirty years ago, in response to a query from President Walker as to his notion of a university, he answered: "A university is a place where nothing useful is taught; but a university is possible only where a man may get his livelihood by digging Sanscrit roots." What I meant was that the highest office of the somewhat complex thing so named was to distribute the true bread of life, the '*pane degli angeli*,' as Dante called it, and to breed an appetite for it; but that it should also have the means and appliances for teaching everything, as the mediæval universities aimed to do in their *trivium* and *quadrivium*." We may not all agree with Mr. Lowell in regarding inutility as a characteristic of university work,

but he certainly strikes a good blow for the freedom of the classes who labor with such subjects as Sanscrit roots. He wishes not only that all knowledge shall receive recognition, but that each branch shall be taught with due regard to its relation to all the rest. He believes that "many-sided culture makes our vision clearer and keener in particulars," and that "the noblest definition of science is that breadth and impartiality of view which liberates the mind from specialties and enables it to organize whatever we learn so that it becomes real knowledge by being brought into true and helpful relation with the rest." To him the university means "not the four faculties, merely," but "in the modern sense . . . the chance to acquire the *omne scibile*." He lays little or no stress upon organized research, and is inclined to believe that "special aptitudes are sure to take care of themselves." Opportunities for post-graduate study and fellowships and commensals, where wits are sharpened by constant contact with each other, are all to be desired, but we may well question whether special aptitudes, left to take care of themselves, are in the long run as productive as when stimulated and guided by university organization.

To our colleges he presents a high manly ideal. What nobler aim can we wish than this, "Let it be our hope to make a gentleman of every youth who is put under our charge; not a conventional gentleman, but a man of culture, a man of intellectual resource, a man of public spirit, a man of refinement, with that good taste which is the conscience of the mind and that conscience which is the good taste of the soul"? In the organization of a scheme of studies "Let our aim be, as hitherto, to give a good all-around education, fitted to cope with as many of the exigencies of the day as possible. I had rather the college should turn out one of Aristotle's four-square men, capable of holding his own in whatever field he may be cast, than a score of lop-sided ones, developed abnormally in one direction." He feels that an elective system pushed too rapidly or entered upon too early endangers the basis of general culture, which he values so highly. He asks the very pertinent question: "Are our students old enough thoroughly to understand the importance of the choice they are called upon to make, and, if old enough, are they wise enough"? With the demand for a more varied culture than our fathers required, many of our colleges may be suffering from a too limited curriculum, and fortunate is the institution which needs to be restrained from making too rapid progress. But the planting of university methods in our colleges raises practical questions to be settled only by practical considerations. It has been the good fortune of the study of Greek to bear the brunt of the fight in protecting the required system from the encroachment of the elective. If there is any question as to the value of Greek literature, so able a literary judge as Mr. Lowell tells us that "the literature it enshrines is rammed with life as, perhaps, no other writing, except Shakspeare's, ever was or will be." If any doubt its value for linguistic culture, he, a master of the English tongue, declares: "Even for the mastering of our own tongue there is no expedient so fruitful as translation

out of another : how much more when that other is a language at once so precise and so flexible as the Greek"? Such questionings go deeper, and affect the value of literary and linguistic education in general. If we wish for that all-around culture of which Mr. Lowell is so eminent an example, must we not insist that some language equally rich and equally valuable remain an indispensable basis? And what class of men are more competent to speak on such topics than men of letters?

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BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF THE PACIFIC COAST; ALASKA AND CALIFORNIA.\*

THE first feeling on the part of every one who takes up this volume on Alaska is one of surprise that so much could be said about this comparatively wild portion of our domains. It might almost be called the history of an unknown land; and the fact that its materials have been taken from so many and such diverse sources gathered into one library, is most creditable to the author of this rather remarkable series of volumes.

He first gives us an insight into the philosophy of that great movement which took place in Europe, and which seemed to send the crowded peoples of that continent to the eastward. This was particularly true in Russia at the time of which he writes; the people were beginning to feel the pressure of their despotic rulers, and believing these sovereigns to be God's vicegerents, and not to be opposed, they resolved to escape from their influence and power. The expanse to the East became a real blessing to the oppressed, and we are tempted to believe that despotism may have its uses. The turbulent spirits at first went of their own accord to Siberia, and afterward the "paternal" Government gained strength enough to send them there.

The almost accidental raid of Yermak began the long journey of the Russians across the continent, whose surface seemed such a dead level. The march of the exiles planted that long line of cities which has become so significant since that time: Tobolsk, Tomsk, Yeniseisk, Irkutsk, and Okhotsk, each one serving as a *point d'appui* for the next, and each being a great centre for their various enterprises. These changes covered a period of over sixty years, and then came rumors of a "great land" still farther on toward the East.

In 1741, Behring and Chirikof sailed to examine these unknown shores. They separated, and after over a month of hard work sighted land, the discovery of one anticipating that of the other by only thirty-six hours.

The stories of both these ships are very pathetic. Both lost boats and men; cold, hunger, and exposure made sad inroads on their numbers,

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\* Vol. XXII. History of California, Vol. V., 1846-1848, pp. xv. and 784. Vol. XXXIII. History of Alaska, 1730-1885, pp. xxxviii. and 775. San Francisco, Cal.: The History Company, publishers.

until at last Yelagin, the pilot, alone of all the officers could appear on deck. On their homeward journey, when eleven degrees from the shore their last observations were taken, and for six days from that time they drifted on, with their sails dropping to pieces and falling from the yards simply because the crew were unequal to the task of mending them. They were gone five months, and lost one-third of the total number of their men.

Little would have been said of these expeditions, had it not been for the beautiful furs brought back.

This newly discovered land was not needed as a place of exile, nor had Russia the zealot's excuse, to conquer in order to make conversions to the faith of the Greek Church. The furs proclaimed the glory of Alaska, and for their sake the Russians laid claim to North-western America, basing their right on the voyages of Behring and Chirikof.

Then follows a most interesting chapter on the daring deeds of the *promyshleniki*, the adventurous pioneers of Siberia. In all sorts of boats and rafts they tempted the stormy waters of the Okhotsk and the sunken rocks along the Kamtchatkan coast. Even in their folly their courage was great under the many privations they suffered. This was the beginning of a series of private enterprises, which were often very successful (some bringing back cargoes worth \$1,000,000), but quite as often disastrous. The expenses of such undertakings were enormous, as we can easily realize when we remember that the rope they used had to be transported from Irkutsk; their iron cost forty cents a pound in bulk, and their tools were correspondingly costly; their vessels were made of green timber, and the planks were roughly hewn with axes. The possibility of leakage in such ships was thus great, and, once wrecked, it was almost impossible to save anything but the cargo. These pages are filled with the fearful deeds of reckless men, and horrible tales of bloodshed.

The year 1764 brings us to the end of these private enterprises, as then the Government assumed control of the explorations, which proved to be a series of imperial efforts and failures. The most successful ventures were made by the Siberian merchants, Shelikof and Golikof, who attempted to gain a foothold on the American continent in 1783. The secret of their success was the discovery by Pribylof, in 1786, of the Fur Seal Islands, as they were found to be the breeding-place of the valued animals. The discovery proved to be of the greatest importance. One of their vessels returned about this time with 40,000 fur seals, 2,000 sea otters, 14,400 lbs. of walrus ivory, and as much whalebone as the ship could well carry.

Secrecy could not easily be secured, and as the fame of the new land spread, the other nations of Europe sent out a series of official exploration parties of which the greater number were Spanish and English. The famous voyage of Captain Cook, in 1778, was one of them, and we owe much of our knowledge of the geography of this region to that gallant commander. Each of these parties was striving for a settlement in the neighborhood of the great treasures thus opened to the world. Then opened a new era, that

of colonization, and Shelikof comes to the front as the father and founder of Russian settlements in America. At first the natives were inimical, but after that they became friendly; the Russians were induced to settle in the new country, schools were started, and everything seemed prosperous. But all these efforts were interrupted by the various influences of the nations represented, and their conflicting systems of trade, if such it could be called. It was not worthy the name of trade, but was rather a struggle on the part of each to seize the largest quantity of valuable material, at the least expense, regardless of consequences. The wrangling of the rival companies was a serious hinderance to their business, and resulted in a reckless destruction of the seal, otter, and other fur-bearing animals.

The events of these years must have been very puzzling to the natives, as representatives of all kinds of nations landed in every available place and took possession of all the land in sight.

The Shelikof and Golikof Company does not appear, however, to have suffered much. They conceived the idea of a subsidized monopoly of trade and industry, and received a charter giving them complete control, as a reward for services rendered to the country. They had a tower of strength in Baranof, their agent, who was more than a match for any of the other men who came to spy out the land. He was a representative of that shrewd but uncultivated class which formed the main element among the rich men of Siberia, and he seemed to have an unlimited influence over the natives, on account of his indomitable courage and presence of mind. He was a most unscrupulous man, however, and the less said of his morals the better.

Just about this time the ambitious leaders of the Greek Church began to look upon Alaska as a most desirable field in which to acquire fame and converts, and missionaries were sent out; but their curiosity and over-zealous character soon made them enemies, not only among the business men, but also among the natives. The latter looked on the baptism of the missionaries as a new means of changing their luck, and when the luck did not change, the missionary was fortunate if he escaped with his life.

Baranof built several vessels. The first of these pioneers, built from the lumber of the "vast deserts of America," was called the *Phoenix*, and was launched in 1794. These vessels served the very important function of helping to found outposts for the collection of furs.

In 1799, the great Russian-American Company was chartered for a period of twenty years. Shelikof was now dead, but his widow and one of the great merchants of Irkutsk, Muilnikof, were most active in the undertaking. Baranof was just then in despondency; there seemed to be a change in his good fortune, and hard times were at hand. Some of his vessels were wrecked, and in the entire cargoes of valuable furs which were thus swept away great losses were entailed. But relief came by the *Elizabeth*, which was sent out by the newly chartered organization, and so they were helped out of their difficulty, but they still met with occasional misfortunes. Baranof became more and more dissatisfied, partly because of his unpleasant relations

with naval officers and the intrigues of the missionaries, but mainly because of his failing health and the loss of his private property in Siberia, which was due mainly to his absence. The natives seemed to be peacefully inclined, but just when hope was highest came the dreadful Sitka massacre, from which but few escaped. This roused all the pristine vigor of the man, and shortly afterward Sitka was recaptured, and a treaty made with the Koloshes. This was the end of their troubles with the natives.

Other attempts at colonization were made, but they failed. The company had been generally very successful. They received a second charter in 1821, and the diplomatic clouds which were now beginning to gather were dispelled by the Anglo-Russian and Russo-American treaties of 1824 and 1825. By these treaties the boundaries were fixed, and certain limits were settled upon with reference to trading.

Baron Wrangell now assumed control, and he and others commenced a systematic investigation of the interior; the Yukon and Kuskokvim rivers were carefully explored, and stations founded along their banks. They had some trouble with the Hudson Bay Company because of certain transgressions of the treaties, but these were soon settled. The company received one other renewal of its charter, but it expired with the cession of Alaska to the United States.

Another event of importance occurred about this time. The Western Union Telegraph Company was about carrying out a scheme to unite the Old and New Worlds across Behring's Strait. In 1867 the plan was abandoned, after an expenditure of \$3,000,000, as it was found impossible to compete with the Atlantic Cable, already laid, and now in successful operation.

In the same year Alaska became a colony of the United States. Russia had found it was a long way from home; she, in fact, was only represented there by the great fur company, and therefore entered into negotiations for its transfer. The United States bought the vast territory for \$7,200,000, and though many questioned the power of the Government, yet the sale seems valid, and experience has shown that Alaska was a wise investment, well worth the sum paid for it, though at first it was deemed worthless.

A still greater monopoly of the fur trade than had ever been granted before was given, in 1869, to the Alaska Commercial Company, and the defence of this monopoly forms one of the weak points of the book, detracting from the dignity and authority of the work. No one in this age needs a defence of this monopoly. Imagine Prescott stopping in his histories to defend the guano farms of the Pacific!

The history of the period to the transfer of Alaska to the United States is one of exceeding value; it bears the marks of careful research among the archives of Russia and Siberia; but from that time on we might almost believe the narrative to be a digest of newspaper articles and of the comparatively few authoritative books which have appeared on this interesting part of our territory. The historical maps are of great value, but the recently



compiled map is full of errors, which are all the more unpardonable as the compilation took place in Washington, where the maps of the Coast Survey are to be found. There is one thing in all the maps of Alaska which have appeared recently which cannot be too severely criticised, and that is, printing localities, trails, courses of rivers, etc., which have been merely guessed at from native descriptions, as authentic and well-determined facts. There are accepted signs which all geographers recognize for such uncertain data, and such maps as these, unless they are in the hands of a well-informed person (which most explorers are not), can lead into danger, and have, as a matter of fact, often put life in jeopardy.

The whole work is a monument of industry, and could only be produced in that wonderful laboratory which the author has constructed for himself, and which contains so many literary treasures. He has well earned the name of the "Historian of the Pacific Coast."

The above volume was to have been followed by Volume I. of the Oregon series, but just as it was published a sudden fire destroyed nearly a whole edition, and we have received in its place the fifth volume upon California. This part of the work has been looked for by all with great interest, and in every respect realizes the expectations which were aroused by the prospectus. It deals with a most fascinating portion of the history of the great States of our western border land. From the rash ventures and adventures of Fremont, we are led along through the last Mexican political controversies; through the quarrels of Stockton, Kearney, and Fremont; through the tragic experiences of early settlers, down to the more peaceful times of Governor Mason's rule. Our sympathies go out to the historian in his embarrassing circumstances, and every one rejoices at the grand spirit in which the disaster has been met. We are encouraged to believe that the promise to complete the work will be fulfilled.

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#### CONTEMPORARY PHILOSOPHY IN FRANCE.

M. TAINÉ introduces his readers to the founder of modern French spiritualism in his usual racy way. "One morning, in 1811, M. Royer-Collard, who had just been named Professor of Philosophy at the Sorbonne, was walking among the docks, with a very embarrassed air. He had been reading Condillac—but embrace Condillac! believe and teach that all our ideas are transformed sensations, that space is perhaps an illusion!—these formulas exhaled a vapor of scepticism which was stifling to the fervent Christian, the austere moralist, the man of order and authority. But he was new in philosophy, he had no doctrine of his own, and, *bon gré mal gré*, he must possess himself of one. Suddenly he perceived, in the window of a second-hand book store, between a worn-out Crevier and an *Almanach des Cuisiniers*, a strange little book, a modest, unknown, ancient denizen of the docks, whose leaves had

never before been turned: *Inquiry into the Human Mind on the Principles of Common Sense*, by Thomas Reid. He opened the book, and lo, a refutation of Condillac! '*Combien ce livre?*' '*Trente sous.*' He bought it, and founded the new philosophy in France."

New philosophy then, it is the old philosophy now. New as a *nom de guerre* in the warfare with the sensationalism of the eighteenth century, old as the conservator of politics, literature, and morals in the middle of the nineteenth. For we now have a "new spiritualism," preserving, indeed, the traditions of the old, and claiming the same influence on the side of liberty and good order, but positing theses which would startle the good soul of Royer-Collard, and boasting no longer of its descent from Reid and Dugald Stewart. This descent, however, is very clear. If we may remodel the figure by which De Tocqueville indicates the evolution of later French literature, we may say that Reid begat a son in his old age and called his name Maine de Biran, that Maine de Biran lived twenty years and begat Victor Cousin, and that Victor Cousin, being a mighty man and strong, is begetting every day.

The characteristics of the old spiritualism are very marked. It was born of the exigencies of the post-revolution period, when thinking men sought first of all an antidote to Rousseau. Be it what and come whence it may, give us truth, liberty, God! "Was it then to play with him, O Nature, that thou didst form man? If this philosophy be that of human nature, do not enter, O my soul, into its secrets." So cried Reid. Frenchmen had entered, by force; they added, to the Scot's intuitive dread, a living experience of its horrors, and hailed "common sense" as the potent remedy. This is the first characteristic.

But the ontological spirit was abroad in Germany and soon found its way across the Rhine. Maine de Biran discarded a descriptive psychology, but, preserving still the introspective method, saw absolute being in the soul, the essence of which is will. "The will is not different from the I."\* The soul is efficient, and the will is its phenomenal manifestation. And the soul is one throughout and indivisible. Here is the restoration both of efficient and final cause, which were banished by the destructive criticism of the preceding age—a restoration which persists in the new spiritualism, and gives color even to the thought of the positivists. When Victor Cousin went to Munich, in 1818, and surrendered his liberty to Hegel, he only made at a single step the advance from Biran, the Fichte of France, which his new master had made from the real Fichte, through the mediation of Schelling.

The "new spiritualism" is the product of what has been called the nineteenth-century tendency—the tendency toward the reconciliation of philosophy and science. The concessions have been greater on the side of philosophy, since more philosophers have become scientific than scientists

philosophic. M. Janet defines the university philosophy as it became official about 1830 : \*

"Do you admit God, the soul, liberty, the future life? Then you are a spiritualist. If not, then not—*il n'y a pas de milieu*. The positivist is in no sense a spiritualist, neither indeed can be."

M. Vacherot, the historian of the "new spiritualism," speaks quite recently in a different key : †

"I do not believe that in the presence of these revelations (of science) it is possible to maintain the spiritualistic tradition entire. I am more and more convinced that the time is come to put science at the side of spiritualism, by the employment of its methods, its principles, and its incontestable conclusions. The old theology, which separates God from the world, has had its day, as the old psychology, which separates the soul from the body, and the old ontology, which separates spirit from matter." "Philosophy must bend to experience." "Spiritualism must submit to scientific methods."

What could the positivist wish more? Where is metaphysic? If you mean the metaphysic of the noumenon, the metaphysic of the Unknowable, the Absolute, it is excluded, replies M. Vacherot. By what law? By the law of experience. But if you mean the metaphysic of intuition, the ontology of introspection, I embrace it. "The true ontology is only a psychological revelation." This is the method, principle, and conclusion of metaphysic, and positive science confirms it. This brings us back to the Scottish psychology, with the modifications of the later German realists; that is, we see in M. Vacherot, on the speculative side, a true disciple, as he claims, of Cousin and Jouffroy, and, on the positive side, we find a wide concession to the claims of natural science.

As would be expected, this advance toward Comte is repudiated by thinkers of the old school, and many brilliant works have been called out in the discussion. M. Ravaisson, in the second edition of his *Philosophy in France in the Nineteenth Century*, ‡ continues to maintain his "spiritualistic positivism," namely, that "the true substance of things is the activity of thought." He finds his doctrine in Aristotle, and traces it through Descartes, Leibnitz, Kant, and Biran, especially emphasizing the position of the last. "Being," said Biran, "is immediately known in the activity of the ego," and, adds Ravaisson, "This being, through the mediation of will, is universal, absolute, and all-embracing." He inverts the formula of the materialists and thinks he has escaped its implications. But matter is spirit and spirit is divine, hence matter is divine, and we are as nearly materialists as spiritualists, because we are at once neither and both. M. Lachilier, in doctrine the disciple but in power the master of Ravaisson, constructs a doctrine of the development of thought in the categories of efficient and final cause, which is at once profound and obscure. Efficient and final cause are

\* *Philosophie française contemporaine*, p. 40.

† *Le nouveau Spiritualisme* par E. Vacherot. Paris : Hachette, 1884.

‡ *La Philosophie en France au XIX<sup>e</sup>. Siècle*. Paris : Hachette, 1884.

one in the unity of thought, which unity is embodied in the law of sufficient reason, but two in the unity of nature. Final cause gives a *raison d'être* to external things, as efficient cause to internal, and by it we reach objectivity, activity, liberty. But we are constrained to ask wherein the difference consists between the two kinds of cause in respect to objectivity, if both are formal. How is final cause a road to things, even on the doubtful supposition that it is necessary to the unity of thought?

On this side of the general philosophic controversy we must also name Renouvier, whose critical system is better known to English students,\* Francesque Bouillier,† one of the ablest defenders of the soul from the standpoint of general physiology, and the acute theologian Pressensé.‡

Nearer to the position of the "new spiritualists," and yet maintaining full independence, we find a line of well-known scientific men whose detailed and comprehensive work has won glory for France. M. Cournot § maintains a dynamic theory of matter, and a *nisus formativus* or architectonic principle of life which is teleologic. M. Naudin, the distinguished botanist, takes arms against Darwin, disputes insensible modifications, natural selection, and variation of species, substituting an internal primordial plastic force for the external and mechanical causes of the materialistic evolutionists, and rising through the theory of second causes to orthodox theism. Claude Bernard, in a series of articles published in one volume after his death, || combats all forms of physical vitalism, and works out a spiritualistic theory of life. His celebrated definition of life is often quoted, *La vie, c'est la mort*—a sentence which, according to Janet, caused Hegel to "shake with joy." Every phenomenon of life is accompanied with organic destruction; but life continues. This is creation. Death is chemical, life is morphological and directive. M. Quatrefage's work, *Human Species*, is well known in its English translation.

On the extreme left we find the positivists holding a strong position. They remember well the supremacy gained in 1852, when one of the chairs of philosophy in the Normal School was abolished because speculation was unpopular, and their rule of ten years, during which the spiritualistic tradition was barely preserved in Caro and Lemoine. They had also a season of rejoicing just after the Franco-Prussian war, when the association movement was extended to France in translations of Spencer, Mill, and Bain, and gained influence in Taine's *Intelligence* and Ribot's *English Psychology*. A series of articles in the *Revue Scientifique* for 1874 expounded the work of Wundt and the German physiologists, and on January 1—curiously enough, the very day on which the British quarterly *Mind* appeared—the *Revue Philosophique* mailed its first issue. It would not be just to call the philosophic position of either of these magazines "positive," but the position of Profes-

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\* See *Essais de Critiques générales*.

† *Sur la vraie Conscience*. Paris: Hachette, 1882.

‡ *A Study of Origins*. Eng. trans. New York: James Pott, 1884. 2d edition.

§ *Materialisme, Vitalisme, Rationalisme*. Paris, 1875.

|| *La Science expérimentale*. See, also, *La Vie*. Paris, 1878.

sor Ribot and many of his co-laborers justifies us in mentioning the *Revue Philosophique* at least among the influences which make for positivism. Its most important contributions have been from Espinas, Charles Richet, Delbœuf, and the members of the Medical School of the Salpêtrière (asylum for women), especially Charcot, the director, Binet, and Féré.

There can be no doubt that the positive view of things is, as Lange maintains, stimulating to scientific endeavor and discovery, simply on the general principle that men work hardest along the lines of their belief. And as far as philosophy is made scientific, that is, empirical, the benefit accrues to philosophy also, while the domain of speculative reservation remains untouched. Psychology is the disputed province, and hence the rise of experimental psychology. It is an exotic, it is true, but it has taken firm root, and is now the most promising tree in the philosophic orchard of France.

Two events of importance have recently tended to dignify this departure and make it official: one is the appointment of M. Ribot to a chair in Experimental Psychology at the Sorbonne, the first of the kind ever founded in France. The other is the founding (in February, 1885) of the "Society for Physiological Psychology."

It is difficult to summarize results when activity is so great and discussion so warm, but we may indicate important works. M. H. Beaunis has the honor of making the first reliable experiments with a view to establishing the reaction time for olfactory and gustatory sensations. He published his results in 1883, in the *Revue Medical de l'Est* and the *Revue Philosophique*. An account of his work will be found in his recent book, *Conditions of Cerebral Activity*,\* etc. In the same work he treats of the forms of muscular contraction and arrest, and establishes, with the aid of the experiments of Wundt and Brown-Séquard, an important physiological principle, viz., that every manifestation of nervous activity undergoes an *arresting* influence which is due either to the original exciting cause or to the action of another nervous region. So that in every peripheral excitation two forces are set in play, positive or exciting, and negative or arresting, and the resultant is the sensation energy of the excitation. If this is so, the excitability of the different regions of the nervous system depends upon the varying force of the arrest. M. Beaunis's psychological inferences are very interesting, and we transcribe them, only remarking that his physiological conception is founded upon established facts. He says:

"This hypothesis puts in new light the mechanism of the psychic functions and permits the interpretation of a number of facts which have been heretofore inexplicable. . . . The central primal fact which rules the whole question is the duality seen at the basis of every psychic act, the double tendency, activity and its arrest—the fact that the psychic act is the result of two contrary movements. Transport the action of arrest into the domain of consciousness and you have the hesitation which accompanies a voluntary movement or an intellectual determination; into the sphere of emotion, you have the fluctua-

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\**Recherches expérimentales sur les Conditions de l'Activité cérébrale, etc.* Paris, 1884.

tions of passion; into the sphere of pure speculation, the reserves of metaphysical doubt. All our intellectual life is a strife of tendencies, impulsion, and arrest."

We note below the bearing of the doctrine upon ethical discussion. M. Beaunis is also preparing another work, *Internal Sensations*, for the International Scientific Series.

Since the experiments of Doctor Luys,\* the best work in brain physiology has been done by Charcot† and Marique.‡ The latter investigates the functions of the psycho-motor centres of the brain, giving first a very exhaustive critical summary of the work of his predecessors, and attempts to show, by means of association fibres connecting the psycho-motor and sensory centres, that their combined function is identical with that of similar pairs in the reflex ganglionic centres of the spinal cord. His fundamental assumptions, that "consciousness does not alter the conditions," and that the motor centres are co-ordinators, and not, through the will, originators of movement, as Ferrier and spiritualists in general hold, are arbitrary and unproved.

On the more varied problems of physiological psychology, we note M. Ribot's *Diseases of Memory, of Will* (1883), and of *Personality* (1885), the detailed work on hypnotism by Binet and Féré, Richet and Charcot,§ and the investigations of Delbœuf in psycho-physics.|| A more general work on psychology, especially fine in its comprehensiveness and vigor for classroom work, is that of Professor Rabier,¶ of the Lycée Charlemagne, member of the Superior Council of Public Instruction. He writes from the standpoint of advanced spiritualism, subordinating ontology to psychology, but with a receptive attitude toward the results of the empirical school. His book reminds us, in its philosophic attitude, of Sully's *Outlines*. He borrows largely, and generally improves what he borrows, as, for example, Biran's theory of cause and Taine's theory of sense-perception. He attempts to reconcile empiricism and intellectualism in a doctrine which he denominates *intelligent empiricism*: knowledge is empirical, but internally empirical; it begins with experience, but with internal experience, that is, with consciousness of the ego, which is intelligent. This is certainly, as Victor Brochard remarks, only a *jeu de mots*, and we are glad to welcome M. Rabier as an intuitionist after all. His book, as a whole, is perhaps the finest *résumé* of the results of modern psychology of all schools that has yet been written. Its scope will be seen from the headings of some of the chapters: "Consciousness," "The Unconscious," "Habit," "Mind in Animals," "Beauty and Art," "Inclination," "Sleep," etc.

Turning finally to ethical discussion, we are at once struck with the brilliant play of the same forces. Ethical territory is the citadel of the spiri-

\* *Le Cerveau et ses Fonctions*. 4th edition.

† *Leçons sur les Localisations cérébrales*, and numerous articles.

‡ *Recherches exper. sur le Mécanisme de Fonc. des Centres psycho-moteurs du Cerveau*.

Par J. Marique, Hôpital St. Jean. Brussels, 1885.

§ *Revue philosophique*, 1884-6.

|| *Psychophysique*, 1883. Also, *Examen critique de la Loi psychophysique*.

¶ *Leçons de Philosophie: I. Psychologie*. Paris: Hachette, 1884.

tualistic philosophy, devoted once, it is true, to the completest destruction, but never again, we are convinced, to be undermined by the sewer-canals of a burrowing sensualism. No intelligent Frenchman cares to question the political function of philosophy or the ethical function of politics. Ask De Tocqueville, Laboulaye, Janet, and Guizot for their opinion on this subject. Taine may follow Voltaire, and the mantle of the Cyclopedists may fall upon weaker thinkers of to-day, but they will find that they have a more dangerous enemy to meet than had their illustrious predecessors. The corner-stone of the new ethic was laid in the lurid light of the politics of the Reign of Terror and the Commune, and this corner-stone is a principle which rests deeper in the foundations of human life than the theology of Malebranche or the ethics of Leibnitz. What is this principle? Will, efficient, final, free, ultimate; the dominating idea, as we have seen, in general speculation, and the pivot of ethical discussion. To show that this is true, it is only necessary to name the four works which are to-day, from the standpoints of the different schools, exerting the widest influence: *Theory of Morals*, Janet; *Liberty and Determinism*,\* Fouillée; *The Ethical Principle*, † Sacrétan; *Sketch of an Ethic without Obligation or Sanction*, ‡ Guyau. The authors of three of these are disciples, to a greater or less degree, of Biran, and M. Guyau's doctrine is important both as leading the opposition and as attempting the construction of a positivist ethic.

M. Janet's work is well known in the English translation recently published. The essay of M. Fouillée appeared first in 1872, giving rise to wide discussion, and is now entirely recast. It is a direct attempt to reconcile scientific determinism with personal liberty by the intercalation of mean terms, drawn respectively from the external or mechanistic—the *fortune physique*—and the internal or voluntary—the *fortune morale*. The contribution of Biran, as we have said, was the introduction of will force into the primitive intellectual act. A sense of effort accompanies every intellectual movement, and the categories are more than forms—they are forms of a spontaneous activity, will. This bridges the Kantian chasm between the voluntary and the intellectual life. Upon this basis, M. Fouillée constructs a doctrine of "idea-forces." Every idea has a volition energy, necessary to itself. The intelligence is the vehicle of volition, and the sum of the ideas is at once the act of the willing self. This on the side of the *morale*. But every idea is accompanied by a physical modification, and a consequent discharge of physical force. The resultant of these forces is a sense manifestation. This on the side of the *physique*. Hence a double play of forces, necessarily parallel, since functionally homologous, in one of which volition resides and in the other mechanism. The theoretical reconciliation is derived from the conception itself of "idea-force," and it is well

\* *La Liberté et le Determinism*. Par Alfred Fouillée. 2<sup>e</sup> édition. Paris: Alcan, 1884.

† *La Principe de la Morale*. Par Ch. Sacrétan. Lausanne, 1884.

‡ *Esquisse d'une Morale sans Obligation ni Sanction*. Par M. Guyau. Paris: Alcan, 1884.

to observe that the *idea of freedom* becomes a dominating influence in the play of those forces. The stronger the conviction of freedom, the stronger is its "idea-force," and the more real the freedom which it indicates. "Idea-force" is a contribution to ethical terminology, but the conception is familiar to those who know Herbart's *Mechanic of Mind*, and Wundt's theory of apperception. Another recent and very important work by M. Fouillée is his *Critique of Contemporary Ethical Systems*. \*

M. Sacrétan, on the other hand, assumes freedom as a postulate of the moral life. He constructs a social ethic upon an original obligation to act as part of a whole. "I recognize myself as a free element of a whole." Reason is a mode of will, another modification of Biran, and will, the individual, exists in immediate communion with will, the universal. We rise to positive religion and prayer. M. Guyau represents the evolution ethic in France, substituting the expression "least pain" for Mr. Spencer's "least resistance," and banishing freedom, final cause, and obligation to law. Life is the moral end, and the strife for existence the earnest of its attainment. We must also mention M. Caro, the historian of pessimism, who delightfully characterizes the complaint of those who are dissatisfied with the present order of things as a magnification of the *mal en moi* into the *mal en soi*.

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\* *Critique des systemes de morale contemporaines.* Paris : Baillière, 1883.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED,

*Of which there may be critical notice hereafter.*

- BENJAMIN.—*Persia and the Persians*, pp. xi, 495. Boston, 1887: Ticknor & Co.  
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